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THE VOTIVE WREATH.

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THE
VOTIVE WREATH,

AND OTHER

P O E M S.

BY MRS. PARMINTER.

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1826.

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P 238 v

DEDICATION.

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCESS AUGUSTA SOPHIA.

MADAM,

WITH a feeling of the most lively gratitude, chastened by those sentiments of profound deference, with which it is our duty to approach exalted Rank and Goodness, I offer to your Royal Highness the little Volume for which I presumed to solicit the sanction of your illustrious Name and Patronage.

Nothing but a consciousness of that Benevolence which so eminently distinguishes your Royal Highness could have emboldened me to ask so great a favour, in support of my humble and unpretending Work, without which it must

DEDICATION.

have failed ; and I now feel overwhelmed by the Condescension and Affability with which that favour has been granted.

To attempt to eulogize a Princess whose Name has gone forth, with blessing, to the very ends of the Earth, would in me be as presumptuous as it is unnecessary ; there are thousands who can feelingly attest a Goodness that is above praise.

Endeared to an affectionate People, may your Royal Highness long continue a cherished Ornament of this happy Land, and the illustrious House of Brunswick ; to which I humbly beg to subscribe myself a most dutiful and loyal subject ; and

Your Royal Highness's devoted,
and most grateful, humble servant,

ANNE PARMINTER.

APOLOGY.

Struggling under the pressure of a sudden and unexpected reverse of fortune, and impelled by the feelings of a wife, a mother, and a friend, I ventured to solicit patronage for this little volume; and, in ushering it into the world, I cannot but feel most anxious for its favourable reception, that my kind benefactors may not blush to see their respectable names prefixed to an unworthy work.

Humble and unpretending, it makes its appearance only as the genuine thoughts of the writer, rising spontaneously from local circumstances at different periods of a chequered life.

The story of Joseph I presumed to dramatize for the recitation of a very young family

APOLOGY.

party, if that plea be admissible for the simplicity of its diction.

Oh! that I could find language adequate to express my grateful sense of the kindness and zeal with which my generous friends have forwarded my undertaking.—I can only say, it is indelibly engraven on the heart of

Their most obliged,

and humble servant,

ANNE PARMINTER.

Earl Street, Blackfriars.

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HE IS RISEN

ERRATA.

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29	16. <i>for</i> e'er	<i>read</i> o'er.
66	14. <i>for</i> bedeck'd	<i>read</i> Be deck'd.
70	8. <i>for</i> bastion	<i>read</i> bastions.
77	16. <i>for</i> eminent	<i>read</i> imminent
80	1. <i>for</i> chastisements	<i>read</i> chastisement.
96	12. <i>for</i> shadow	<i>read</i> shadows.
147	9. <i>for</i> sword	<i>read</i> swords.
157	2 <i>for</i> had	<i>read</i> has.

THE VOTIVE WREATH.

'Twas on a bleak and dreary day,
When clouds obscured my devious way,
When Winter's snow the earth o'erspread,
And sorrow's gloom hung o'er my head,
I wander'd through the wilderness,
In painful thought, and deep distress :
Pondering o'er days to memory dear ;
And blotting out, with many a tear,
The records of enjoyments past,
Too dear—too precious long to last.

How could I think they would endure,
Where nought but change and death are sure ?
Was I to be the only one,
Whom evil should not light upon ?

Or was my eyry built so high,
That every storm I might defy ?
No,—gliding on in middle state,
Not meanly low—nor proudly great,
I hoped a steady course to steer ;
I hoped—but had not learnt to fear.
I had not learnt that I must prove
How soon are snapp'd the links of love :
Now memory breathes in every sigh
Some loss that wakens agony.

As through the lonely path I stray'd,
And Nature's cheerless face survey'd ;
I saw, from out it's wintry bed,
A snow-drop rear it's modest head,
The early harbinger of Spring,
With promise brighter days to bring :
Like those fair flowers of life's young morn
Which blossom in it's early dawn,
Ere chilling blasts have nipp'd their bloom,
Or Hope has wither'd in the tomb ;

I pluck'd the bud, and vow'd to twine
A Wreath, to place on Friendship's shrine,
Of this first blossom of the year,
Which seem'd the drooping heart to cheer.

But 'twas a solitary flower
Condemn'd to perish in an hour ;
And not a shrub beside it grew,
Save the dark shadowing baneful yew.
Oh ! not from them the chaplet twine !
Weave it of amaranth divine :
Unfading wreaths alone should wave
O'er Friendship's altar—Friendship's grave.

But I must wait a happier hour
To gather that immortal Flower ;
Celestial plant of heavenly birth,
Too delicate for clay-cold earth,
It flourishes in realms above,
Water'd by Charity and Love.

For those bright realms, for those blest springs,
My eager spirit plumes her wings :
For worldly interest there shall cease ;
And sever'd friends shall meet in peace :
Yet, in my heart, the steady flame
Of hallow'd friendship burns the same,
As when, by sympathy inspired,
Its generous glow my bosom fired ;
And if beneath th' inclement sky
All earth-born flowers must fade and die,
Let me o'er Friendship's altar raise
This VOTIVE WREATH of GRATEFUL LAYS.

ON THE EPICUREAN SYSTEM.

LET US EAT AND DRINK, FOR TO-MORROW WE DIE.

1 CORINTH. XV. 32.

SUCH Epicurus, votary of ease
And worldly pleasure, thy erroneous faith.
To future glory blind, thy dearest wish
It's acmé reach'd on earth ; and in the joys
Of soft luxurious ease all good comprised :
Perversion strange of that celestial gift
Which gives to man—but little favour'd else,
His blest pre-eminence in Nature's scale.

But thine were days when error's gloomy night
In intellectual darkness wrapt mankind ;
Who, wandering on, in superstition's maze
Bewilder'd, each a devious track pursued :
And God, compassionate, with pitying eye

Beheld those days forlorn : but now the light
Of heaven-descended truth, it's radiant beams
Diffusing wide, enlightens happier times,
And Heaven's eternal portals wide unfold
To Faith's uplifted eye eternal scenes :
But who shall enter there ? The pure in heart
Who fly those soul-ensnaring soft delights,
And fix their hopes on high——

Yet live to live,

And let us life enjoy, thy followers say,
For thou hast followers still, whose earth bound souls
Seek in this world, and seek in this alone,
The sum of their desires—perfection high,
An appetite indulged ! The joys of sense
Are joys to them supreme ; and Heaven in vain
Invites to purer bliss beyond the skies.
One truth they own perforce—the yawning grave
Each day assurance gives—that all must die.
No further they explore—their bounded view
Is circumscribed by that cimmerian vault

Where their poor pamper'd bodies must return
To their primeval dust.—But is this all?
Religion answers, “ No.”—Hear sons of ease,
Daughters of pleasure, hear the charmer's voice,
Than Syrens sweeter it enchants the soul,
But lures not to destroy. Or hear that trump
Whose blast the world's foundation shall uprend,
And your embodied spirits from the grave
Rouse to their final doom; hear it betimes:
(For hear you must) that, when the heavenly shout
Shall burst your prison doors, you may come forth
Awe-struck, but not dismay'd.—Shall man, who bears
The sacred impress (faded though it be)
Of his Divine Creator, mar that stamp
Of excellence, and on his forehead wear
The bestial mark conspicuous? Will he yield
His heavenly birth-right; and contented share
The common lot of brutes? Then let him join
His chosen herd; Circean orgies keep,
Quaff the enchanted bowl, and be a brute,

And eat and drink, and wallow in the mire
Of his intemperate lusts : or bask in ease
Supine, and dose away his useless hours ;
Satiety and loathing will succeed ;
And those voluptuous pleasures, once so dear,
Pall on his vapid taste. What follows then ?
'Tis then he feels, but feels alas too late,
His soul was form'd for happiness refined ;
But he has chosen dross : and unimproved
His buried talent must be rendered up.
Then rise his murder'd hours, like spectres dire,
And all his coward soul is in alarm ;
The past reproachful and the future fear'd,
Abhorr'd annihilation—nature's dread—
Becomes his wretched wish—his hope forlorn—
Or worse, if worse can be, the wretch has lived,
Who tottering on life's verge hath only wish'd
His health, his youth, his faculties renew'd,
To live his foul excesses o'er again.

Sons of eternity awake in time !

Rouse from your trance—from dreams lethargic rouse.

Let active virtue animate your souls,

And live to pleasures Angels may partake.

Enjoy the luxury of doing good ;

Wipe from the orphan's eye the falling tear ;

And to your bosoms plead the widow's cause.

Spare from your ample boards, and self deny

To make the wretched wear the smile of joy.

Blest is the heart that feels another's woe :

'Tis privileged to ask a boon from Heaven.

Though circumscribed the sphere, 'twill scope afford

For various offices of Christian love.

The chequer'd scenes of life's uncertain day

Unfold with many an ill:—chill Penury

And pining Want, Shame, Sickness, and Disgrace,

Griefs multiform arise, and loudly call

For soft humanity's assisting power,

And kind commiseration's pitying sigh.

Go then, ye Epicures, and taste a feast
Surpassing all Lucullus e'er enjoy'd.
But if ye live to selfish joys alone,
If your unpitying eyes can view distress,
Or if your ears be deaf to misery's plaint,
If your closed hand withhold the bounty claim'd—
Or pity live not in your callous breast,
Go,—and buoyed up with perishable hope
Of non-existence when this life shall cease,—
Take comfort in the vain delusive thought
To-morrow we eternally expire.

BE MERRY AND WISE.

ADDRESSED TO MARY JANE.

To laugh is youth's prerogative :

The heart is not aware

A serious hour must soon arrive

When mirth shall yield to care.

Youth is the season made for joy.

While to the future blind :

And chasten'd mirth can never cloy,

Nor leave a sting behind.

Laugh then and still enjoy each hour ;

Each guiltless hour that flies.

No gloom should on youth's aspect low'r,

No sadness dim it's eyes.

But yet thy mirth let reason guide,
Loud laughter gives offence :
'Tis folly's mark, and ne'er allied
To modesty or sense.

The heart itself should feel the thought
That dimples o'er the cheeks ;
And boisterous mirth with folly fraught
But empty sound bespeaks.

Watch well thy thoughts lest wit profane
Win an approving smile.
Nor dare to laugh at wit obscene,
Which taints the mind with guile.

Set a strict guard upon thy lip ;
Nor every weed devour :
Of the pure honey freely sip ;
But shun the poisonous flower.

And still may radiant smiles adorn

Thy laughter-loving cheek :

Those smiles which gild thy life's fair morn,

And golden days bespeak.

FRIENDSHIP.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF A YOUNG LADY.

I HEARD a voice (or was't a dream)
Say "Write,"—Let Friendship be the theme.
Obedient I the task pursue,
And dedicate the verse to you:
Amplly repaid, if you afford
Your friendship as the rich reward.

But O! what Muse shall me inspire,
Or touch me with poetic fire?
No heathen maid of Helicon,
Nor e'en Latona's worshipp'd son,
Shall tune for me the golden lyre:
I to a higher source aspire.

Spirit of Friendship! by whose aid

Mankind for mutual help were made,
Do thou invigorate my song;
And animate my feeble tongue.
Inspired by thee no idle strain
Nor wanton, shall the theme profane.

But what is Friendship? You can tell
Who taste it's joys—who feel it's spell,
And bless the gentle soft controul
Which binds it's tendrils round the soul;
And you whom worldlings have forgot
Can tell, alas! what it is not.

'Tis not that ill-compacted band
Which breaks at once (like rope of sand)
If pride or peevish discontent
Some fancied negligence resent.

'Tis not that table-love which sends
The generous board a host of friends,

Who turn with fortune's shifting gale,
And only with the prosperous sail.

'Tis not that boasting vain display,
'Th' ephemeral fondness of a day,
Which flutters in the morning sun,
But dies 'ere half it's course be run :
Nor found where Mammon's demons reign :
Nor in the Bacchanalian train.
'Tis not that base or sordid league
Which interest forms, or vile intrigue,
Nor yet that mask which hides a heart
Too prone to act a traitor's part.

What then is Friendship? 'Tis a name !
'Tis more.—It is a hallow'd flame
Which emanates from Heaven above,
The source of universal love.
'Twas Friendship's charm which gave a zest
To all that Paradise possess'd :

For God and man in friendship join'd,
The joys of heaven and earth combined :
And when the fatal apple's taste
That blissful covenant effaced,
'Twas Friendship drew the Godhead down
To rescue and redeem his own.
O what a proof to man was given,
That Friendship is enthroned in heaven !

Charm of our lives ! first joy on earth !
'Tis thence we trace thy sacred birth,
Then hear propitious, Power Divine,
A humble votary at thy shrine :
And in thy page my name enrol,
And shed thy influence o'er my soul :
And while I feel the virtuous fire,
Grant that I may the glow inspire.

But how shall Friendship's test be known ?
How shall we claim her for our own ?

Her's is the kind encircling arm
When dangers fright, or fears alarm :
Her's is the sympathetic eye :
Her's the responsive heart-drawn sigh :
'Tis seen upon her glowing cheeks
When joy's bright flush a welcome speaks ;
And in the radiance of a smile
Breathed from a heart that knows no guile ;
And marks the brow, where truth engraven
Beams peace on earth, and hope in heaven ;
These are her marks, and these to prove,
Heart must meet heart with answering love.

IMPROMPTU,

ON HEARING THE AFFECTING ALLUSION TO HIS OWN
EDUCATION, BY ONE OF THE CLASSICAL MASTERS
OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL, IN HIS ADMIRABLE SERMON
FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE CHARITY CHILDREN OF THE
WARD OF ALDERSGATE, 1817.

If thou to Charity dost owe
The source from which thy lessons flow,
Let thousands bless her name :
For wide extends the enriching stream,
Reflecting in each sacred theme,
Her heaven-directed aim.

Oh may the Influence Divine,
Which gave that glowing soul of thine
It's heavenly way to trace,
Indulgent hear a mother's prayer,
And the dear objects of her care
Inspire with quickening grace.

Like thee they own a foster'd lot,
In the same consecrated spot;
And by thy precepts moved,
May truth their earliest thoughts engage;
And on their life's fair title page,
Their Angels write, "Approved*."

Nor selfish be the parent's prayer :
May all who Christian labours share
A Christian's meed obtain :
And thou, a secondary cause,
In earth and heaven, the just applause
Of men and Angels, gain.

* At Christ's Hospital the Grecians inspect the books introduced among the Children, and none are allowed without their sanction, signified by the word "Approved," written on the title page.

JOSEPH'S ADMONITION.

SEE THAT YE FALL NOT OUT BY THE WAY.

GENESIS, xlv. v. 24.

WHEN Famine's rage had seven long years distrest,
Egypt alone was with abundance blest.
The warning visions were not given in vain;
And GOD's own flock partakes her hoarded grain.
No longer Canaan's milk and honey flow;
Her sterile country wears a face of woe;
No gracious dews descend to bless her fields;
No strengthening food to fainting man she yields:
With haggard aspect, and with anxious breast,
He wanders forth to labour still unblest.

The long enduring Sire of Israel's line,
Obedient ever to the Will Divine,

The wretched remnant of his life to save,
And his loved children rescue from the grave,
To Egypt sends to buy supplies of food,
Nor dreams that Egypt holds a dearer good ;
That there his keenest grief, his bosom woe,
Should find relief, his tears forget to flow ;
His son, so loved, so lost, so long deplored,
Should to his aged bosom be restored.

Joseph, the victim of unbridled hate,
Through all the various turns of adverse fate,
Had own'd the Heavenly Hand, and kiss'd the rod,
Firm in his duty, faithful to his God.
Through dungeon-gloom he saw Almighty Power,
And patient, waited Mercy's promised hour.
That hour arrives ; and he, supreme command
And princely rule, maintains o'er Egypt's land ;
For he had saved that land ; or rather He,
Whose eye can penetrate futurity,
Had sent him as a messenger of love,
His ever watchful providence to prove.

By mystic dreams admonish'd, he prepares
To hoard the lavish wealth of fruitful years :
That, when prolific Nature's womb should close,
And the tired earth at length demand repose,
Unfriendly clouds withhold their genial rains,
And Nile forget to fertilize the plains,
Egypt her ample stores may open wide
The granary of all the world beside.

Then Joseph, risen to exalted state,
Sees Sun, and Moon, and Stars, attendant wait
Obedient to his will ; and, bending low,
The suppliant crowds like prostrate wheat-sheaves bow :
And Goshen's fruitful land to Israel given
Seals the prophetic ordinance of Heaven.
In vain shall man oppose what God intends ;
To His own purpose still He shapes his ends.

Joseph, an exiled captive doom'd to roam,
Torn from his father, driven from his home,

Bends with submission to his varying lot;
Friends, Brethren, Country, Father, all forgot.
Thus years on years roll on, till Heaven ordains
That they should meet again on Egypt's plains.
He hears their tale—his father yet alive!
All nature's feelings in his heart revive;
A father's sacred name his bosom warms:
He longs to clasp him in his duteous arms:
His wrongs lie buried in his pious breast;
And all the son and brother stand confest.

Joseph, blest type of life and love divine,
In future ages pre-ordained to shine,
How do thy wrongs each pitying heart engage!
How thy mild virtues grace the sacred page!
But chief that God-like nobleness of soul
Which every vengeful passion could controul,
When in thy presence awed and troubled stood
The brethren who had sought thy guiltless blood,
Could hush their conscious terrors, calm their fears,
And melt them in the tenderness of tears.

Yet Joseph, though he pardon'd, knew too well
How prone their rugged natures to rebel:
And while with costly presents he dismiss'd
The astonish'd band—wept over them and kiss'd—
Then, as the sacred chronicle records,
In mild reproof he spake these parting words:—
“ I am your Brother, whom ye sold a slave:
“ But GOD ordained it thus your lives to save.
“ Return to Canaan, bring my Father down;
“ The good of all this land shall be your own.
“ But fall not out as homeward ye return,
“ Nor in your hearts let envious passions burn.”
A salutary lesson, for 'tis strife
Which multiplies the ills of human life.

When we the sacred oracles explore,
And this eventful history ponder o'er,
Do we not there a striking semblance find
Between this family and all mankind.
Review, in them, the children of one Sire,
Charged with one mission, urged by one desire:

Tedious their journey, perilous their way,
Their anxious minds to doubts and fears a prey :
And now returning from a foreign land,
Bound to a distant home, and kindred band ;
To reach that home in safety there was need
That in their wayfare they should be agreed.

Exactly similar may all mankind
Their origin in one great Parent find.
All journeying onward through the rugged road
Of life's rough pilgrimage, to that abode—
(The house ordain'd for every child of man,)
Appointed for them ere their life began ;
And in their journey destin'd all to know,
The sad varieties of human woe.
'Twere wisdom then to lighten, or to bear
Each other's burthens through this world of care.
Few are the charities we can display
Ere the companions of our devious way,
Like the sear'd leaves in some Autumnal frost,
Droop, wither, die ; and are for ever lost.

And while we seek their place and seek in vain,
Our bosoms swell with pity or with pain.
Should conscience then in accusation rise,
And memory lend her aid to agonize,
We may dissolve in unavailing tears,
But never can discharge the vast arrears
For base ingratitude or cold disdain,
To those on whom we ne'er shall look again.
But vainly wishing to recal to life
The silent objects of our vanquish'd strife—
Their errors all forgotten—we shall own
How little charity our hearts have shewn.

The slightest union in life's social plan
Is that which links to man his fellow man,
Yet thence unnumber'd obligations rise
To waken nature's grateful sympathies.
But still our hearts in closer bonds to bind,
Our Heavenly Maker round those hearts hath twined
The sacred cords of kindred love, which blends
In sweetest union relatives and friends :

To what affections are our bosoms won
By the dear ties of Father, Brother, Son?

But when revenge, and malice, and ill-will,
Mankind with enmity and rancour fill;
When parents govern with a tyrant sway,
Or rebel children parents disobey;
When shameful variance dwells 'twixt man and wife,
What woes arise from such domestic strife?

From Hatred and Revenge what evils flow,
The blood-stain'd annals of all ages shew.
But time would fail me 'ere I could relate
The devastations caused by deadly hate:
The time would fail should I attempt to show
The civil broils that from dissensions flow.
The time would fail me even to repeat
The numbers fallen through religious heat.
Oh that mankind unanimous were found!
That universal Concord might abound:

That Discord's torch to Hades might be hurl'd,
And the dread Fury banish'd from the world.

Could I be heard, this counsel should be sent
To the wide boundaries of the world's extent.—
Let Faction cease, each head-strong passion still,
And let Philanthropy each bosom fill.

Could but my voice be heard, it should resound
To all the far extended nations round.—
Henceforth let zealous persecution cease;
And let Religion's ways be ways of peace.
The sacred page our duties will declare,
And all that man need know is written there.

Could but my voice be heard—I'd try to move
Each kindred heart to deeds of social love.
That every Family might feel the power
Of that blest charm spread e'er retirement's hour;
But vain the excursive wish, aspiring, bold—
The narrow circle of my little fold

Must be my humble bound—my humbler zeal
To guide my little flock by truth's appeal.

Blest are the peace-makers—to them is given
A rich inheritance—a throne in Heaven.
Strive for this glorious prize ; and be this strife
The only warfare of a Christian life.
To earthly passions heavenly arms oppose,
And gain a triumph over bosom foes :
And, Oh ! be sheath'd those swords, those banners furl'd,
Which rouse to maddening rage a jarring world,
Be every house a temple—every breast
A habitation for some heavenly guest :
Let peace and love their sacred hearth possess,
The Lares of domestic happiness.
Our souls would feel (might so much bliss be given,)
Prelude divine ! an antepast of Heaven.

THE CREATOR TO BE REMEMBERED IN TIME OF YOUTH.

“REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH, WHILE THE EVIL DAYS COME NOT, AND THE YEARS DRAW NIGH, WHEN THOU SHALT SAY I HAVE NO PLEASURE IN THEM.”

ECCLESIASTES xii. v. 1.

TO THE MOTHER'S HOPE.

REMEMBER now in childhood's early day,
The hand that form'd thy animated clay;
Engrave the precept deeply on thy heart,
Nor let it ever from thy mind depart.

In the bright days of innocence and peace
Offer to GOD thy pure and spotless heart;
Ere evil overtake, and pleasures cease,
And thou in life's gay vision's have no part.

The fleeting scenes of youth will soon be o'er,
And if that season thou shalt spend in vain,
Thou may'st with tears the precious loss deplore,
And vainly wish the blessing to regain.

Oh seize the opening dawn of youth, to pay
Thy grateful homage to Almighty care :
And ere the sun of life shall fade away,
A resting-place against it's eve prepare :

That when the vernal day of youth is past,
And all the transient joys of life shall cease,
No lurking fears may haunt thy mind at last,
But an approving conscience whisper peace.

The grateful tribute of untainted youth,
Shall rise to Heaven and draw a guardian down,
To lead thee in the righteous path of truth,
And give thy hoary age a glorious crown.

Religious youth appears with every grace,
Th' expressive image of a soul divine,
Benignant sweetness beams upon it's face,
And makes each charm with double lustre shine.

Th' aspiring soul on heavenly joys intent,
Will rise superior to affliction's power :
The calm reflection of a life well spent
Will solace every inauspicious hour.

How safely may the humble soul repose
Beneath the sheltering wings of GOD's own love,
And e'en when death this earthly scene shall close,
'Tis but to open brighter realms above.

Oh! be religion now thy earliest care ;
For beatific joys thy soul prepare.
Trust not to-morrow—but begin to-day :
Uncertain life admits not of delay.

REFLECTIONS

ON THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR 1792.

It comes—the midnight hour, with raven wing
Outstretch'd, and urging on it's rapid flight
Impatient of delay—nor will it pause
To take a last farewell—though it involve
The closing year, companion of it's fate.
A few short moments and it will have pass'd
The gulph, where year on year, and age on age,
Has roll'd ne'er to return, save in the smile
That plays around the memory of the past,
Or tear that dims the retrospective eye.

Now round a slumbering world has darkness drawn
His sable curtain, and o'er pillow'd heads
Of labour's children sheds lethean dews,

Suspending in the sweet oblivious charm
The anxious cares that wait on broad-eyed day.
A child of labour I—and few my hours
Of intermittent rest, but yet to me
Sleep comes not.—It was wont to come
In rosy infancy's delightful morn,
When gay as Spring I bounded o'er the hills
Of my dear native North, with heart as light
And spirits as elastic as my steps :
'Twas wont to come, and at the accustom'd hour,
A welcome guest, when on my pallet laid
In my scholastic nunnery ; for such
A semblance wore it's high sequestering walls
And jealous gratings, shutting out the world.
And wisely too—for sacred is the charge
Of Youth and Innocence, whose ductile hearts,
Like waxen tablets, take the deep impress
Example's style engraves.—Danger lurks
Where'er the wandering eye can rove abroad ;
And caution only is security :

Those guardian walls repulsive, still immured ;
A happy race, whose joy-illumined looks
Show'd the bright transcript of in-dwelling peace :
Easy their daily task, not sternly taught,
Nor with reluctance learn'd—nor idly wish'd
Was Recreation's hour, though hail'd with joy,
For sport and pastime, harmony and song ;
And, sometimes, Frolic wild, with wandering feet,
Would pass, though rare the offence, the sacred bounds
Prescribed by Discipline.—The orchard's pride,
Primeval evil, still a tempting snare—
But those erratic feet were soon recall'd,
For Discipline was there (with eagle eye
Glancing through every avenue to ill,)
The guard of morals and the nurse of truth.
Hertford, I loved thee ! and now ling'ring dwell
With fond delight on thy remember'd scenes,
So often traversed with companions dear ;
Thy upland parks, and variegated meads,
Yielding their treasures to our gathering hands ;

Cowslips, to form our light and volant balls,
Their redolence imparting to the breeze;
And king-cups, which beneath the struggling chin
Of some coy schoolmate, we demurely held,
Divining by their deep reflected tints
Her secret fondness for the dairy's boast,
Though blushing denied.—How sweet our walks
Through thy umbrageous woods, or fields of corn,
Or fragrant turnips green, and white upturn'd,
And tempting oft the interdicted touch;
Nor less delightful was our garden's boast,
(Indulgence rare, for holidays reserved,)
Our favorite "Long walk," o'er-arch'd with flowers,
Roses and jasmine, and syringas sweet:
It's postern guarded with the triple fence
Of hedge and pallisadoes, cautious still
To keep from public gaze the tribe within.
There, arm in arm, with some selected friend,
A book, or colloquy of distant home,
Beguiled our happy hours; 'till summon'd in

By school-bell calls to prayer—then evening came,
And rest's appointed time—but, ah! too soon
For spirits gay as ours—our lessons comm'd,
Our hearts reposing in the care of Heaven,
Some simple ditty still we carroll'd forth,
Till kind "Good-night" seal'd up our heavy eyes.
Those days are fled, and with them youth's gay dreams
Of joy in perpetuity.—Dark clouds
Arise in life's horizon, and obscure
Hope's flattering prospects; rough and rugged grows
The Pilgrim's dreary journey through the vale
Of human imperfection—set with thorns
Conceal'd amidst it's path-adorning flowers:
We lose the dear companions of our way,
And seek them sorrowing—seek them—but in vain;
Not e'en in dreams restored—those vanities
Of sleep's illusive hours that mock our souls
With visionary joys—they visit not
The overflowing eye—we wake and weep,
In all the impotence of hopeless tears;

They soften not the cerements of the grave,
Nor the lamented ones recal. But tears
Are Nature's dower—from that convulsive sob
With which we first inspire our vital breath,
To that expiring sigh which bears aloft
The spirit to it's GIVER—few the hours
Unwater'd by those humanizing drops,
Or for our own, or for another's woes :
Tears are the entail of humanity,
The penal heritage of peccant sons,
The heir-looms of transgression, fruit derived,
And still unalienable, from that source
Of woe, the mystic and forbidden tree,
Whose seeds the evil one profusely sows
O'er all the earth, prolific, bearing fruit,
Alluring still as that in Eden's grove,
And still as fatal—multiplying death
In every hideous form ; and ill on ill
Dispersing through the world, more multiform
Than those Pandora from her fabled box

Let loose to plague mankind. In varied shapes
The penalty of Adam is enforced,
A doom irrevocable—toil and woe
Accomplish'd, or accomplishing, on all
Of mortal lineage, till each child of dust
Shall to his mouldering element return.

Oh, what a portraiture of human woe
Does History's page present! and while I pause
With eye contemplative o'er mightier ills,
I learn submissively to bear my own.

Wild with impetuous fury rushes down
The mountain torrent; and its foaming tide
The peaceful vale submerges.—What at eve
Was life and beauty, innocence and joy,
The morning sun beholds an awful wreck,
O'er which an angry sea tumultuous roars:
All else in death's eternal silence hush'd.

The fierce volcano, with terrific crash,

Bursting it's dreadful crater, thunders forth
The fiery ebullition ; pouring out,
Circumfluent, it's desolating stream ;
Till the bright ruin rolls it's glowing mass,
A molten ocean of metallic fire.

Torn with convulsive throes, the riven earth
Betrays it's depth profound—a dread abyss
Portentous, awful, strange.—One moment yawns
A horrid sepulchre—one moment more,
One dreadful moment—and the yawning pit
Closes her rugged jaws.—But where is gone
Oh ! where the goodly city, where her towers,
Her glittering spires, her ample domes, her halls,
Her palaces—her glorious monuments
Of science and of art ?—Where, Oh ! where
The busy throng that peopled her fair streets ?
All—all engulph'd by one concussive shock,
Nor left one wreck to tell that once she was !

Loosed from the storehouse of Omnipotence,
The furious hurricane impatient bursts
The barriers of restraint; and out at once
Rush the conflicting elements, now leagued
In wild uproar, to waste and to devour.
Destruction sweeps their path, and in their rear
Stalk Plague and Famine, Misery and Death.
In fierce battalions these misfortunes come:
These are calamities that bear impress'd
The awful signet of Almighty Power:
The Hand of God is seen—His Presence felt,
When thus in dreadful Majesty aroused,
To shake so terribly the trembling earth!

But these appalling scenes suffice not man,
He lends his own exterminating aid
To make the little span of human life
More brief, more wretched still.—The deadly rage
Of elemental strife is not enough,
Man lifts his arm—his own unnatural arm,

Against his brother man; and earth must drink
From war's ensanguined field the kindred blood
That animates her slaughter-breathing sons.
Deep in the crimson stream may History dip
Her melancholy pen, and trace the crimes
That bade those currents flow on Gallia's plains,
Which threaten inundation o'er the world.
Eventful year! and big with future woe;
Within thy bounded space how strange, how great
Have been the fearful changes!—From their seats
How are the mighty fallen! the mean upraised!
The sword of war portentous now is drawn;
But where's the searching eye can pierce the veil
That hides the awful future? Who can tell
How many widows' sighs shall rise to Heaven,
How many orphans' tears bedew the earth,
How many childless mothers mourn their sons,
How many friends be sever'd, ere again
In welcome peace that fatal sword be sheath'd?

E'en in this favour'd land, on which kind Heaven
It's choicest blessings showers, domestic grief
Bows many a drooping head—in solitude
Retired from public gaze ; but look abroad,
Where faction's rage and usurpation's power
Have spread their desolation, and despair ;
Look on the expatriate Pole, whose mournful brow
Marks his dejected spirit.—Patriot grief
Sits heavy on his heart.—Not for himself
Breathes he the frequent sigh ; his ample soul
Has feelings more enlarged : his Country's wrongs,
His outraged, torn, dismember'd Country's wrongs,
His bursting bosom swell ; for he survives,
Unhappy, to exclaim, “ My Country was.”

Behold the fugitives of madd'ning France,
Flee to our fostering Isle : their wealth usurp'd,
Their honours lost, their kindred massacred,
Their Monarch slain, their dwellings waste, their names
Extinct—themselves denounc'd.—Grief still on grief

Accumulate, these suffer and sustain :
Let me not murmur then, that in my cup
Some drops of bitterness should be commix'd.

Farewell departed year, thy solemn knell
Tolls on the ear of contemplative night
A note of awful warning—
So I hear
The monitory sound—unheeded oft
Amid the busy and continuous din
Of this tumultuous Babel—oft unheard,
When on the airy wing of new fledged hope,
And fluttering in life's morn, my ardent soul
Was spinning schemes of gossamer delight,
Soon to be blown by adverse winds away :
I hear it now announce the lapse of time,
Admonish'd of that consummating hour
Which shall have no successor : It *will* come,
That closing hour, on all created things ;
So the Seraphic Angel's threat announced

To Patmos' exiled Martyr, when he sware,
With hand uplifted toward th' eternal Throne,
That "Time should be no longer,"—fearful thought
To souls amenable for time abused,
Time, the inestimable gift of Heaven,
So frugally bestow'd, that one by one
Are given the precious moments wing'd for flight;
And if we seize them not, like slighted friends,
We learn to estimate their real worth
But by their fatal loss.—Yet Time is oft
The idle theme of peevish discontent:
The Impatient chide the tardy-footed hours;
The Gay—the Busy—blame their swift career:
While deaf to each they roll their steady course,
However urged their flight or wish'd their stay.

Farewell departed year! and farewell too
To all the hopes and fears thy changeful scenes
Have raised tumultuous, like troubled waves
In ocean's fretful bosom, settled now

From passion's tide to resignation's calm.
Thou hast not been so lavish of thy joys,
As might inspire a wish for thy return;
Yet some blest hours are traced in memory's page
Indelible—to which remembrance turns
Without satiety though ere so oft,
For Heavenly themes those hallow'd hours employ'd.
Ah, what avails it!—Much, if we acquire
Religious discipline in sorrow's school:
It teaches patience and humility:
It lifts the eye of faith above the skies,
And bids us own an omnipresent God.

The heathen Sage, whose philosophic lore
Had taught him to hold converse with himself,
Had then perhaps attain'd the height supreme
Of ethical perfection.—Higher soars
The contemplative Christian; taught to raise
His intellectual faculties to Heaven
In commune with his God.—O wonderful

Pre-eminence of Gospel liberty !

While from the world's indifference man retires,

He may approach his Maker ; sure to find

An Auditor—a Counsellor—a Friend.

But if thus privileged, let conscience say,

Shall heathen virtues in the judgment rise

Condemnatory of his barren faith ?

Than this no season can be more replete

With food for contemplation.—Midnight calm,

The consummation of another year,

And hallow'd silence of the Sabbath rest :

Fit time to ponder o'er departed hours ;

Fit time to meditate on hours to come ;

A pause upon the confine of two years,

Receding one—the other in advance ;

Of one the stormy passage has been proved,

The other unexplored, it's good and ill

Impervious to the ken of mortal eye :

Oh happy ignorance which gives us hope !

Oh, blest uncertainty which checks our pride !

To-morrow we may gain ambition's height ;

To-morrow we may sink in misery's gulf ;

To-morrow may consign us to the tomb ;

To-morrow may exalt us unto Heaven !

And yet to-morrow is the fatal day

Of promise and protraction.—Oh how much

We purpose that we never shall perform !

Herculean labours with a pigmy's power,

Grand in design but fallible in deed.

To-morrow comes—we still procrastinate ;

It wears so much the semblance of to-day,

That we are mock'd with the similitude,

And the diurnal change is unperceived :

Thus Day on Day, and Year on Year revolves,

And Youth succeeds to Childhood, Age to Youth,

And finds our busy minds pre-occupied

With speculation on some phantom-scheme

For that To-morrow which may never come.

O give me then, Great Parent of the year,
To seize the new-born hour—and it's first fruits
To dedicate to Thy immortal Name ;
And whether good or seeming evil mark
The colour of my days, let them be spent
In prayer, in praise, in gratitude to Thee.
And whatsoever things my soul approves,
Honest, true, holy, lovely, just and good ;
Oh may I think on these, and these alone !

DAVID.

OH for one kindling ray of heavenly light !
Some emanation from that source Divine,
Which ope'd its flood-gates on thy glowing soul,
Immortal Bard of Sion—lofty strains
And holy song inspiring—to illume
My humbler lay, which, emulous of thee,
Sweet Harmonist ! would yet assay to make
Judgment and Mercy it's adopted theme.

Aid me then, heavenly Minstrel, if with souls
In earth embodied, spirits blest may hold
Desired communion—intercourse sublime !
Aid me, O son of Jesse, from that height,
Where now thy tuneful Harp responsive joins
Angelic Hallelujahs—hymning praise
To God's eternal Glory.—So was tuned

Thy Harp long since, in Gibeah's royal hall,
Awakening sounds of such sweet melody
That Envy's madd'ning rage was calm'd—and sooth'd
Demoniac phrenzy.—Give me then to catch
Thy inspiration, as Elisha caught
His master's falling mantle—soft and sweet
As Carmel's mountain breeze, or Hermon's dew,
Let it refresh my languid powers, my song
Invigorate—my numbers raise—
For, holy Prophet, I would sing of thee.

Yet not thy youthful prowess would I sing,
When with that fearless vigilance, which marks
The good and guardian shepherd, thou didst seize
The fierce invaders of thy peaceful fold,
And save thy little trembler.—Nor repeat
The song triumphant for thy wond'rous deeds
Achieved in Elah's valley, where the proud
And vaunting Champion felt the mortal force
Of thy despised pebble.—Nor recount

Thy perils imminent, when hunted down
By Saul's inveterate hate.—Nor tell, though sweet
The tale, of that pure love which knit thy soul
In bonds of mutual faith with Jonathan,
That tender pleader of thy righteous cause,
E'en while his mystic arrows pointed out
Thy pathway to his kingdom.—Neither tell
How beauteous Abigail, with prudent zeal,
And well-timed courtesy, appeased thy wrath
Against her churlish Lord, and won thy love:
Nor yet—O wretched parent! would I sing
Thy deepest woe—the soul-subduing grief,
Which bow'd thy mighty head for thy lost son,
Rebellious Absalom.—Nor would I chaunt
The praises due to thy religious joy,
When to the sound of tabret, harp and lute,
Thou led'st the dance before the holy ark,
In honour of thy God.—No; none of these,
But of thy fall, O David! would I sing—
Thy lapse from virtue—Thy unjust decree,

Unwittingly denounced against thyself;
Thy penitence sincere—thy will resign'd,
And pious hope by steadfast faith sustain'd.

These would I sing, to warn my tender flock;
Lest, trusting in their own unaided strength,
Too confident, their erring steps might slide.
These would I sing, that, should my wanderers stray
From duty's path, to tread the flowery maze
Of sin's enticing snare, they may discern,
Ere darkness shroud them, the forsaken road.
Rugged indeed the backward path may seem;
But it is safe and certain, and will give
More cautious treading to their future steps.

These would I sing, that, should the hand of Heaven
It's chastisements inflict, their hearts may bend
Submissive to the rod; for chasten'd sons
Are sons beloved.—God, who abhorreth sin,
Yet on the sinner casts a pitying eye,

And tempers wrath with mercy : Mercy drew
The eternal Godhead from his heavenly throne,
And that bless'd attribute redeem'd a world.

Say then, thou form'd for virtue, what induced
Thy fatal falling off? How did the Fiend
Seize thy unguarded inadvertent hour?
Did slumber close thy Guardian Spirit's eye,
Which should have watch'd each path that led to ill?
No—Israel's Keeper slumbers not—nor sleeps;
But thou wert traitor to thyself, and set
Thy portals wide to let the tempter in :
An idle hour, which should on better thoughts
Have been employ'd, induced a sinful wish :
That wish, indulged, to guilty action led
And made the Foe triumphant ;—these I sing.

'Twas evening, when the gentle breath of Heaven,
Fragrant and mild, play'd o'er the sun-burnt earth
Restoring Nature's bloom, which erst had droop'd

Beneath the blaze of a solstitial day,
When Sirius waits in heaven's ecliptic path,
Our central Orb's approach, conjunctively
To shed o'er half the world the oppressive force
Of all-subduing heat; trees, plants, and flowers
Sickening decline, and from their parent earth,
With drooping heads, seek sustenance in vain.
The varied tribes of beast, and bird, and fish,
The torpid influence feel, and gasp for breath.
Man too, their Lord, exhausted, faints beneath
The fierce and fervid glow; his frame unnerved,
And paralyzed his will.—But when at length
The golden lamp rolls down the western slope
Of Heaven's o'er-arching concave, Zephyrs bland
Fan with their balmy wings the ambient air,
Refreshing Nature's face; and evening drops
Her silver veil to shade the effulgent rays,
Quick glancing to another hemisphere:
Delightful then the change; each languid head
Is raised with joy, and gratulation beams
On every aspect, beautiful and gay.

At this sweet hour, the Royal David left
Th' indulgent couch where lassitude had stretch'd
His enervated limbs, and wander'd forth
To taste the balmy gale ; and, from the top
Of his o'er-towering palace, to survey
His peaceful Sion, joy of all the earth :
Alone and unobserved, to meditate,
And give himself to unincumber'd thought :
Such leisure had the King, while Joab lay,
With Israel's warlike sons, encamp'd against
A hostile foe ; a fatal idle hour,
Inimical to good, (for idle hours
Are hours unblest'd of God) his wandering eye
Beheld a woman bathing ; fair was she
And beautiful to look on—unrestrain'd
Her lovely form he gazed on—and his heart
Glow'd with unhallow'd fire. Long he stood
Enraptured ; and, unsated yet, his eye
Dwelt on her loveliness, inspiring more
Unchaste desires ; till, her ablutions o'er,

Happily ignorant of what her charms
Had wrought, the fair retired : Ah! happier still
Had she in ignorance remained, or they
Been less exposed : that fatal hour decreed
Her fall from Chastity—her husband's death.

The impatient monarch left the terraced roof,
Eager to learn who this fair dame might be,
And sent inquiry forth.—This prompt reply
The obedient servant brought—" 'Tis Bathsheba,
The brave Uriah's wife, who in the field,
Fighting his Country's battles, lies encamp'd
Before proud Rabbah's walls."—The King, unmoved
By this memorial of his Soldier's faith,
His base adulterous purpose still pursued :
Unrein'd, his passions bore impetuous sway ;
Honour in vain, in vain did justice plead ;
Religion spake in vain ; the charmer's voice
No longer won attention from his ear,
Deaf to unwelcome truth :—Some soothing balm,

Some spell oblivious to his conscience laid,
He persevered to act, where thought was sin.
With costly presents, and persuasion soft,
The impassion'd King his ardent suit preferr'd.
Alas! too well he sped:—For Bathsheba,
Won by false glare, forgot her bridal faith,
And to the royal tempter rendered up
That matchless gem—that jewel above price—
Her Chastity.—But soon the dreaded wrath
Of her much injured Lord alarm'd her soul:
For of her broken vows a proof arose
Promulgating her shame. To David then,
Her sad complaint addressing, thus she spake:
“ Cause of my shame and woe! say thou, who didst
The fatal trespass urge, how shall I meet
A Husband's fierce resentment—how endure
The growing shame which in the open face
Of broad-eyed day shall blazon forth my guilt
Conspicuous: A wretch for harlots vile
(Alas! myself more vile) to triumph o'er,

Of matrons chaste the scorn.”

The King replied,

“ Fear not—my royal mandate shall go forth
Uriah to recal ; him, on some errand bound,
Joab shall send forthwith : his prompt return
And timely presence, o’er thy growing shame
A covering veil shall cast : unconscious he,
And unaspersed thy fame ; for thou shalt still
The beauteous semblance wear, as heretofore,
Of matron innocence and spotless truth.”

O sapient King ! but thou had’st yet to learn
That simple, pure integrity of heart
Could baffle and confound thy wily schemes :
Thou may’st, indeed, have triumph’d in the thought
Of confidence abused ; thou may’st have hush’d
Th’ unwelcome voice of rumour ; or the ken
Of Argus-eyed suspicion lull’d to sleep ;
But knew’st thou not there is a watchful Eye
That will not be deceived ? there is an Ear
Which hears the inmost whisper of the soul ;

There is an awful Voice that will be heard
In sound the most tremendous, if not heard
In silent admonition. Nature hears
That Voice Omnipotent—obedient hears,
And every raging element is hushed
With “Peace be still.”

But Man, rebellious Man,
Resists the Power Supreme—resists in vain !
Thus far, but not beyond, His Will permits
Who guards his Glory with a jealous Eye ;
And these prescriptive limits none can pass
By force or fraud presuming. This, too late,
The royal sinner learn'd, when all his toils,
So finely spun, th' unconscious Hittite foil'd.

Joab, obedient to the high command,
Uriah from the camp in haste despatch'd,
With letters charged, to greet his royal Lord.
Him, when arrived, the King with guile address'd :—
“Welcome Uriah—I would learn from thee

If all be well—say, then, how speeds the war ?
How fares my servant Joab, and how fare
My people that are with him ?” Uriah,
Answering, said,—“ Thy servant left all well :
Before proud Rabbah’s walls we lie entrench’d,
Which soon shall be our own—and on thy brow,
O King, it’s diadem shall glitter.”—Bowing low,
Uriah paused.—Th’ insidious King resumed.
“ Well hast thou pleased me with thy good report :
But thou, my faithful soldier, must have need,
After thy toilsome journey, of repose.
Go, wash thy feet, and thy soil’d garments change,
And cheer thy spirits with refreshments meet.
Then to thy home in peace, my friend, retire ;
Suspend thy cares ; and, for a while, enjoy
Some relaxation from the toils of war.
Some letters for the camp, I will prepare
Wherewith to charge thee back.” With modest mien
Uriah left the presence : but to taste
The joys of peace alone his noble soul

Disdain'd. Prone at the royal palace gate
Outstretch'd all night he lay. Guileless himself
Evil he thought of none, and sweeter sleep
Enjoyed, thus couch'd, than did th' adulterous King,
On luxury's bed extended ; stung with guilt,
His labouring mind forbad the kind approach
Of that bless'd nightly visitor. At dawn
Of day he left his irksome couch ; and soon
The unwelcome rumour reach'd his troubled ear
Of stern Uriah's self-imposed restraint.
Fierce passion shook his soul—but in the guise
Of well dissembled zeal he thus address'd
His rigid soldier:—"Is the rumour true
That thou, Uriah, at the palace gate
Didst chuse thy place of rest, when pillow'd ease
And social joys awaited thee at home?
Toils such as thine some short indulgence claim,
And faithful service past, well earn'd repose.
Whence then this abstinence?"

"The Ark of God,"

Uriah answer'd, " In the open field,
And Joab, with the servants of my Lord,
And all the host of Israel, are encamp'd ;
Shall I then at the banquet eat and drink,
Sit at the festive board, or give my soul
To soft endearments of connubial love ?
As thy soul liveth before whom I stand,
I will not so indulge."

The King replied,
" Tarry to day—To-morrow thou shalt seek
Thy warlike tents again : this day abide
And share with me the banquet ; music's charms
Shall cheer thy spirits, and make glad thy heart."

So did Uriah, in obedience bound,
As will'd his royal Lord. The regal feast
He shared, where costly viands deck'd the board,
And sparkling goblets flow'd. The artful King
Oft fill'd the circling cup, and ply'd his guest
With copious draughts of wine, which haply might

His reason captivate, his senses arm
Against his vow'd forbearance, but in vain—
For when the evening came his lowly place
Of rest he chose—self-banish'd from that home
He ne'er must see again.—For now the King,
Furious with wrath, that stern forbearance cursed
Which foil'd his treacherous schemes; entangled fast
In sin's destructive toils—he fell, alas !
From bad to worse, and to adultery join'd
Deceitful cruel murder, and decreed
The brave Uriah's life, the fatal price
Of disappointed guile ; and, to fill up
His aggregate of guilt, basely betray'd
His valiant soldier to the vengeful sword
Of Israel's haughty foe.

To Joab, thus

The infuriate King his stern command address'd :
“ Assign Uriah to the hottest place
Where the fierce battle rages—then retire
Thou and thy followers—that he may be slain,”

Back to the camp the deeply injured man
Return'd, unconscious of his wrongs, bearing
The fatal mandate, fraught with purpose dire,
To bury all in his untimely grave.

Ah ! what avails it, that his conquering sword
Has chased Jesurun's foes, or what his prayer,
That peace may dwell within fair Sion's walls,
And plenty fill her palaces.—That broils
Intestine ne'er her goodly towers may spoil,
Nor foreign foes her borders—that her vales
And waving fields, exuberant of corn,
May with new verdure smile.—Her manly sons,
Like stately cedars grow.—Her daughters fair
Bedeck'd with every grace.—Alas ! for him
No daughters bloom, no duteous son shall grow,
To bless his hoary age—nor Sion's gates
Again unfold to let her Hero in.
Condemn'd, on hostile plains, in manhood's prime
To fall, the Victim of his Sovereign's guilt.
Too prompt to execute his Lord's command

Was Joab found—though afterward as prompt
To disobey ; when, deaf to pity's call,
And that parental agony, which wrung
The stricken heart of Israel's suffering King,
And urged the fond request to spare a dear,
Though greatly erring son, his furious rage
Impell'd the murderous javelin through the breast
Of rash rebellious Absalom ; nor gave
A space for penitence, an hour for prayer.
But fierce and cruel, Oh, thou man of blood !
Murder was ever thy desired repast :
Or traitor like, thou had'st not sacrificed
Abner with guile—Amasa with a kiss.

Now through the tented field the dreadful din
Of war's alarm resounded ; loud and shrill
The brazen trumpet echo'd through the camp
It's notes discordant, all the martial host
Assembling : when Zeruiah's dauntless son
Address'd the bands.—“ Associates in arms,

Ye chosen sons of Israel, hear my words.
No longer let us here inactive lie
Before these walls that shield our heathen foe :
But to his teeth provoke the fight, and rouse
The hunted Lion from his safe retreat.
Hear Jashobeam, brave Adino hear ;
Harken, O Eleazer, valiant son
Of Dodo ! and thou, Shammah, lend an ear :
Worthies of Israel, men of high renown,
Who, arm'd in Heaven's own panoply, brake through
Th' embattled ranks of death-denouncing foes
To Bethlehem's crystal fountain, bearing back
It's sparkling water to Adullam's cave,
The fainting spirit of our royal Lord
To succour and sustain. Triumphantly
The long'd for boon was won : triumphantly
The selfish wish resisted.—On the ground
The consecrated draught he poured. It was
The price of precious blood ; though coveted,
Though eager thirst impell'd, he drank it not.

Say then, ye men of valour who achieved
At Ephesdammin such heroic deeds,
Shall now our arms grow slack in Israel's cause,
Or shall we shrink from dangers unessay'd?"

Adino answered.—“ High, O mighty chief,
Hast thou emblazon'd and extoll'd our deeds
Beyond desert; thine own, superior far,
In silence past. To thy victorious sword
We owe our Sion, envy of the world,
Won from the heathen Jebusite, and now
The royal seat of David's mighty throne,
Terror of Kings, Jerusalem's delight:
For in her palace is Jehovah known,
A refuge for His chosen.—In His Name
We fight and conquer, what then shall we fear?
Let thy command go forth and we obey.”

Joab replied.—“ At early dawn lead forth
Your marshall'd files; assail the city walls;

Effect a breach, then boldly enter in ;
Unfurl the royal standard : and, with shouts
Triumphant, let your conquering banners wave
Aloft in air.”—“Be thine, Uriah bold,
Th’ important charge to lead the fierce assault ;
Thy dauntless spirit firmly will maintain
The enterprize, unawed by ramparts high
Or bastion strong : If need require, myself
With timely aid will succours bring ; if not
The glory be thine own, companion brave.”
Now to the fierce attack Uriah led
His death-devoted band : the wary foe,
Prepared to guard the walls, stood firm and close :
Their pliant bows well strung, their arrows fix’d,
And to their heads drawn up. Now wing’d with death
The fatal shafts flew thick, succeeding cloud
On cloud dark’ning the air.—The unequal strife
Not long could be maintain’d—what valour could,
Uriah boldly dared, till in the front
Of danger, pressing on in duty’s path,

Pierced to the heart, the noble Hittite fell.
And happier so to fall on hostile plains,
Than, buoyant on the wings of flatt'ring hope,
Returning home, to find dishonour there.
For what, midst all his toils, the soldier cheers?
What is his leading star?—'Tis hope, sweet hope,
Anticipation cherish'd, yet to find
(Enrich'd by conquest and in name renown'd,
The golden meed of many a toilsome day)
His wish'd for port of rest, his peaceful home,
Where round his knees an animated troop
Of rosy boys and girls, with cherub smiles
And joyous greetings, hail his safe return :
And she, whose cherish'd image oft has cheer'd
His tedious exile, eager springs to meet
His fond embrace ; while her chaste lip returns
Inviolate the treasured kiss which seal'd
The parting benediction.—This is joy—
Is happiness—is heaven begun on earth,
Which angels might contemplate with delight.

Lovely those scenes to view, but lovelier still
Those blissful scenes to share.—In such a port,
My humble bark hast oft it's anchor cast,
In the sweet calm of many a halcyon day :
And for that little Zoar, morn and eve
Ascend my fervent prayers. But who shall speak
The wretchedness of him, who, exiled long,
Returning finds the expected cup of bliss
Infused with deadly gall—his rights usurp'd,
His nuptial bed defiled—his name a jest—
His home a desert, and his honour soil'd—
And the prized heart, on which his faith reposed,
A traitor to it's trust.—These—these are woes
Which lacerate the soul with festering wounds
Incurable,—and from her seat supreme
Imperial reason drive.—Better to die,
In happy ignorance blest, than live to know
His fancied happiness was all a dream.

Uriah fall'n, the deep-mouth'd clarion sounds

Retreat: it's brazen voice is heard through all
The embattled field sonorous. To their tents
With speed the warring Tribes retire, and wait
The fatal day decreed for Rabbah's fall.

Now Joab to his royal Lord convey'd
The welcome tidings of Uriah's death,
Which thus in brief the Messenger declared.
“ O King! the men of Rabbah have prevail'd.
“ We boldly fought; but from the city walls
“ The archers shot; some of thy servants fell;
“ And brave Uriah lies among the slain.”

Well pleased, the King (his joy dissembling,) cried
“ Let not thy chief afflict his soul for this;
It is the chance of war. The vengeful sword
Destroyeth all alike: nor blooming youth;
Nor manhood's prime, nor yet the hoary head
Of wintry age, exemption find from death;
For to the strong the battle is not sure;

Nor to the swift the race." To Joab thus,
Returning, thou shalt say :—" Be not dismay'd,
Nor augur ill, that o'er thy conquering arm
The Foe has once prevail'd—the battle urge
With force reiterate and added strength :
Ammon shall yield to thy victorious sword."
The Messenger return'd ; but swift as light
His fatal tidings spread. Bathsheba heard ;
And mourn'd (or seem'd to mourn,) her slaughter'd Lord.
But soon a Royal comforter she found :
And for the dazzling lustre of a Throne
Forgot Uriah in his murderer's arms.

Awhile the thoughtless King, entranced in bliss,
Enjoy'd his guilty prize, so dearly won ;
And conscience slept ; though soon to be aroused
In vengeance dight ; and arm'd with scorpion stings,
The scourge and dread of guilt. Not unseen
Had David plunged so deep in sin's dark gulf :
That omnipresent God, whose piercing eye

Pervades at once Creation's vast expanse,
And in the deep recesses of all hearts
With penetrating ken explores each thought,
Had mark'd his steps progressive through the maze
Of error; and in parable disguised
His semblance held to view—awakening thus
His humbled soul to penitence and shame;
In hasty wrath self-judged and self-condemn'd.

By God's command the Prophet Nathan sought
The Royal ear, and urged his high behest.
Hear me, O King! "Within thy sacred realm
Abode two men—one rich in worldly store,
In corn and wine and flocks abounding.—Poor
Was the other, nought on earth possessing
Save one ewe-lamb, his little all! which with
His children grew; and from his hand did eat
It's daily food; and of it's master's cup
Familiar drank, and in his bosom slept:
For his affection, as a daughter dear,

The little fondling shared. But what will not
The force of lawless power? To the rich man
A traveller came; but whilst his own good things
The wealthy miser spared, he took the lamb,
The poor man's all, to entertain his guest."

David replied, with anger greatly moved,
"The man whose selfish heart could prompt an act
So wicked, so unjust, shall surely die :

And to his injured neighbour shall restore
Fourfold, the lamb which he relentless seized."

Then Nathan, answering, said, "Thou art the man.
Cans't thou not find a just similitude

In thine own deeds?—Tear off that soothing balm,
That flattering unction, which self-love has wrapt
About thy heart, to lull it to repose,

And thy awaken'd conscience will repeat

"Thou art the man." Thus saith the Lord thy God—

"When thou wast little in thine own esteem,

From all thy tribe I chose thee for mine own ;

Endued thy soul with strength, thine arm with power ;

And from a sheepfold raised thee to a throne.
When proud Philistia's champion, Gath's dread son,
Goliah fierce, defied my marshall'd hosts,
In vain his massive spear he brandish'd high ;
In vain his ponderous shield opposed ; for-I
To imbecility unnerved his arm ;
And gave thy stripling form a giant's strength,
O'er giant pride to trample : not in thine
But in My might thou wentest victor forth.
When the fierce, jealous King, revengeful Saul,
Infuriate at thy victory's well earn'd praise,
With never-ceasing hatred sought thy life,
I saw th' uplifted stroke, and in the gap
Stood ever ready to avert the blow,
And turn the erring weapon far from thee.
In perils eminent, My Providence
Was still thy guide ; till on thy master's throne
I fix'd thee safe, and to thy bosom gave
Thy master's wives ; and had not this sufficed,
I would have added more, in wisdom ask'd.

Hear now what thou hast done :—A guilty deed
That on my Glorious Name casts foul reproach ;
And to my enemies gives cause of joy.
For when the righteous fall the evil hearts
Of wicked men exultingly rejoice ;
And fools, triumphant, make a mock at sin.
Thou wert a chosen beacon, placed on high
To shed diffusive light ; effulgent shone
Conspicuous thy far extending rays ;
Thou hast obscured the candle of the Lord
And quench'd the light divine ; To appetite—
To sinful appetite a willing slave,
Wooing thy fetters.—Impotent to rule
Thy headstrong passions—they subjected thee.
Bathsheba is thy wife ; and well thou know'st
By what deep crimes obtained.—Uriah's blood,
Like that of righteous Abel, from the earth
Hath cried aloud to Heaven.—Him hast thou slain,
Slain by base treachery—slain by Ammon's sword,
Therefore the sword shall never from thy house

Depart ; but evil will I bring ; fit scourge
For evil deeds. Well thou know'st my word
Immutable, "Surely I will require
At every brother's hand a brother's blood."

Abash'd, and humbly penitent, his fault
The royal sinner own'd ; nor sought to hide
Nor to extenuate. Submissively
At Mercy's footstool pardon he implored,
And acceptance found. By heaven inspired,
The holy seer declared the Grace obtain'd.
"God judgeth not as man : the rash decree
Which in thy hasty censure thou didst pass
He will avert, and take away thy sin :
Thou shalt not die ;—for to the Lord our God
Belongs forgiveness ; and His mercy spares,
Though sinful men rebel, and disobey
The sacred laws His wisdom hath ordain'd.
Yet humbly hear, thy foul offence has caused
Reproach and blasphemy against the Name

Of Israel's God : therefore His chastisements
Thou must endure, though it will deeply wound
Thy heart ; yet know—the adult'rine child must die.”
The Prophet ceased, and left the grief-struck King,
Nor was the threaten'd punishment delay'd.
Disease it's victim seized, and sick and faint
The little sufferer lay,—with suppliant eye
Upturn'd, to seek that aid it could not ask ;
Or, if it could, must ask, alas, in vain !
Oh ! how soul rending is the dumb appeal,
The ardent gaze, the meek imploring look,
Of suffering infancy ; while the fond heart,
That watches o'er it's woes, with anguish keen
In vain laments it's impotence to save.

The humbled parent fasted, wept and pray'd,
But the immutable decree was past :
Seven days the victim linger'd, when the thread
Of fleeting life gave way ; it's sufferings fled,
And on it's new fledg'd pinions, mounting high,
The little Angel rose to meet it's God.

Soon as the whisper'd tidings met his ear,
The suppliant Father from his humble prayer
With resignation rose ; while there remain'd
One unextinguish'd spark of life to feed
His fond parental hope, that haply, God
Might hear, and spare his child, he wept and pray'd ;
But when he found the heaven-born spark extinct,
Far brighter hopes new beaming from the skies
Cheer'd his prophetic soul—for with the eye
Of Faith, he saw immortal glories rise,
Nor longer mourn'd on earth whom he should meet in
Heaven.

THE
VANITY OF WORLDLY PURSUITS.

“ THEN I LOOKED ON ALL THE WORKS THAT MY HANDS
HAD WROUGHT, AND ON THE LABOUR THAT I HAD
LABOURED TO DO : AND BEHOLD ALL WAS VANITY AND
VEXATION OF SPIRIT.”

ECCLESIASTES ii. v. 2.

RICH, powerful, magnificent and great,
In all the gorgeous pomp of regal state,
Behold this royal slave of discontent
In all the actions of his life, repent.
He sought for wealth ; the golden end obtain'd,
It's weighty care his anxious bosom pain'd.
Houses he built, and fill'd with princely store,
But happiness ne'er enter'd at the door.
He planted vineyards, where it's nectar'd juice
The purple grape afforded for his use ;
His gardens were with rich abundance stored
Of choicest fruits to deck the costly board ;

And flowers, that with each other seem'd to vie,
 To gratify the smell and please the eye:
 But looking on the works that he had wrought,
 Disgust o'erwhelm'd his mind with feverish thought;
 I loath (he cried) the works that I have done,
 For all is vanity beneath the sun.

The minstrel's power he sought, whose melting
 strains

Might sooth the anguish of his heartfelt pains;
 But the envenom'd arrow of despair,
 Pierced his discordant soul with gloomy care:
 The minstrel's voice he soon refused to hear,
 And dulcet sounds no longer charm his ear.
 Beauty his palace fill'd, where'er he ranged,
 But from his heart was happiness estranged;
 Mistrust and jealousies invade his breast,
 Destroy his peace, and rob his soul of rest;
 And Israel's King with grief exclaims again,
 All—all on earth is vanity and pain.

'The royal penman disappointment found
 In every turn of pleasure's sickening round ;
 Dearly he proved the impotence of wealth,
 'To purchase happiness, content or health.
 He felt the bitter stings of sensual joys,
 And learn'd to value wisdom's higher prize :
 In that he found, what he had sought in vain
 In all the vanities of pleasure's train,
 A sweet companion in life's prosperous hours,
 A soothing friend when adverse fortune lowers.

When wisdom had unlocked her sacred stores,
 The golden treasure eager he explores ;
 And cries, O be it henceforth understood
 That knowledge is the one substantial good !

Yet vanity in knowledge lies conceal'd,
 When searching into mysteries unreveal'd.
 The path of wisdom lies before our view,
 And infant reason may that path pursue.

Serve God with fear, His sacred laws obey,
Let His commandments every action sway ;
This our whole duty—this true wisdom's plan,
Worthy pursuit alone of mortal man.

RETROSPECT

AT THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR 1814.

PROPHETIC was the strain, though uninspired,
Which sung of lengthen'd war—when faction's rage,
First drew the intemperate sword. 'Twice had we told
The fatal Trojan term, and endless seem'd
The dreadful work of death;—for still that sword,
That fierce remorseless sword, insatiate, drank
The blood of countless thousands.—Victory came,
True to the standard of her chosen sons,
But came with drooping wing and sadden'd brow,
Her arm encircling still some Hero's urn,
Dear to Britannia's love.—O Queen of Isles!
Triumphant through the world, the cypress wreath,
Too mournfully entwines thy laurel crown—
O'ershadowing joy with sorrow:—Sacred tears,
She shed for those who shed for her their blood.

How has she mourn'd her Nelson! Favorite son
Of her own ocean's glory! How for thee,
Brave Abercrombie, whose undaunted soul,
Spite of the mortal blow, to conquest led
Thy valiant band; and Theban-like endured
The fatal barb unmoved, till victory's shout
And thy heroic spirit rose to Heaven,
Immortal as its deeds.

Nor mourn'd she less

For thee, lamented Moore! serene and brave :
Patient in trials—firm in thy resolves ;
Loved by thy followers, dreaded by the foe ;
And worthy to assay Napoleon's might—
And check the boaster's vaunt. Not so ordain'd ;
Destin'd to fall in glory's mid career,
The fatal laurels, at Corunna won,
Droop o'er thy rude unconsecrated grave.
For these their country weeps, nor these alone :
For many a soldier brave, and many a foe,
Have shared the tribute of her generous tears.

Oh what a sea of troubles has o'erwhelmed
The long afflicted Nations, since the burst
Of that rebellious storm, whose furious wave
Broke through each sacred bound. Deep, deep in blood,
Has France her annals written, from that hour,
When her ferocious Regicide sent forth
His fierce denunciation, till that day
Of great and glorious triumph, when with tears
The humbled Corsican implored his life,
And found the pity craved from him in vain.
Then shone the glory of the victor's wreath,
Brighter than all the crowns that ever deck'd
Napoleon's boasted spoils : for Mercy's gem
Ne'er shed it's lustre o'er his gloomy brow,
Whose smile was insult, and whose frown was death.
Oh what a scourge to punish Europe's crimes
Was that insatiate spoiler ! How he bound
Her fetter'd Kings in ignominious chains,
And trampled on their thrones ! Our Isle alone,
Our heaven-protected Britain, unsubdued,

The arduous strife sustain'd, alone she stemm'd
The haughty tyrant's rage, and curb'd his power :
Alone she made his boasted eagles flee ;
Whilst on her highest cliffs, triumphant waved
Her sacred flag, by patriot love upheld,
A rallying mark, to which the anxious eyes
Of prostrate Europe, yet might hopeful turn ;
Till roused at length, that glory of the North,
Imperial Alexander, rose in arms
To more than mortal deeds. His Russia's cause,
Nerv'd his strong arm, and Victory's banner waved
O'er his determined bands, unanimous
To die or rescue their devoted land.
And this the rash Invader learn'd too late ;
When from the Kremlin's sacred towers he saw
The funeral pile of his presumptuous hopes ;
Confounded and aghast the boaster fled,
While burning Moscow's patriotic flames
Rose high to light him to disgrace and shame.
Fear lent her coward wings, outstripping speed ;

For with an arrow's flight that mock'd pursuit,
He shot through hostile ranks, nor gasp'd for breath,
Till Paris interposed her saving gates
To shut his terrors out: And thus returns
This vaunting herald of his own defeat.
Where are his promised conquests rich with spoil?
Where is the victor train to grace his Court?
Where his bold legions? Where his followers brave?
That Host unnumber'd which so proudly crossed,
Secure of conquest, Niemen's fatal bounds?
Seek them, O France! on Russia's frozen plains,
Where Arctic snows enshroud their stiffened forms:
Seek them, O France! in Moscow's flaming towers;
Seek them in Beressina's dismal flood;
Or the sad remnant seek at danger's post
Midst woes and death—their coward leader fled.
Yet raise the song of joy! though thousands fall—
Though tens of thousands swell the dread amount—
Yet raise the song of joy—"Napoleon lives!"
And from your bosom-joys again can fill

His thinn'd, his broken ranks! 'T'e Deums sing!
Napoleon lives! and France may bleed to death.

Now waked to glory injured Frederick comes
To seize the golden hour, swift to avenge
His beauteous Queen, and Prussia's crying wrongs.
'Tis Freedom's call, and Germany has heard,
Ev'n to her utmost bounds, the joyful sound:
Nor heard in vain; her valiant sons rush forth,
Eager to break their base Insulter's chain.
And while parental yields to patriot love,
Imperial Francis joins the sacred league.
And now their triple eagles soar aloft
To Glory's bright meridian: Europe free,
With joy beholds their conquering banners wave,
Who come to bring the panting world repose.
Now ring the alarum in the tyrant's ears:
How will they tingle at the fearful name
Of Russia's veteran hero! How endure
The more terrific Cossacks? Breathe the sounds

Of Moscow, Borodino, Minsk, Smolensk,
Krasnoe, Polotsk, Mojaisk,—mementos dire!
Then in one dreadful note appal his soul,
And strike the chord of Leipsic's dreadful day—
That glorious day, to Liberty so dear!
When it's glad shout triumphant pierced the skies,
And on the heaven-fought field the victor kings
Knelt to that King Supreme, whose powerful Arm
Had won the righteous cause: For not to man,
O God! not unto man, but to Thy Holy Name
Be all the praise ascribed.—In Thy Might
Our own immortal Wellington went forth
Invincible.—But, O! no feeble pen
Must trace that matchless Hero's wond'rous deeds:
On marble write them: let them live in brass:
Awake some Homer; frame the deathless song:
A greater than Achilles be your theme.
Let rescued Portugal his praise resound;
Spain her deliverer boast. Impartial too,
Let France but teach her own historians truth;

And tell who made her boasted armies flee,
Who made her eagles crouch; who raised aloft
The drooping lilies of her exiled King,
And gave to him his own. O! what a scene
Of heartfelt triumph mark'd that rapturous day
When peaceful banners waved on every tower,
And London pour'd her joyful thousands forth
To greet a Bourbon, to his throne restored.

O year of triumph! dear to every breast,
That feels the glow of patriotic fire;
To every philanthropic bosom dear;
And dear to every heart that joys to see
Oppression's yoke thrown off. Rejoice, O France,
Thou spell-bound country, for the charm dissolves,
The fell enchanter's magic is ingulf'd
Never to rise again!—Welcome, fair land,
Your King, your Louis, guiltless of the crimes,
Whose crimson stain incarnadines his realms:
Wash the foul stain from your polluted soil,

And cleanse the Augean stable—raise again
Your prostrate Altars—your subverted Throne;
And from the errors of fanatic zeal
Enlighten'd live a purer faith to own.

And thou, afflicted Poland, raise again
Thy woe-encircled head—awake to joy;
And re-assume thy wonted eminence
High in the rank of Nations.—Justice wakes,
And heaven-directed, builds her sacred throne
In Alexander's breast. His God-like eye,
Which views compassionate all human woe,
Looks not unmoved on thine.—He feels thy wrongs,
And feeling—pities; pitying—will redress.

O! that our own loved Monarch could behold
His Hanover restored, and Russia free,
Holland emancipate, and Nassau's flag
Again triumphant.—Oh that he had seen,
Th' illustrious warrior train, that graced so late

Britannia's Court, delighting ev'ry eye!
Had Heaven indulgent heard our ardent prayer
His Britain had not known a wish unblest'd.
Yes! our glad shores have hail'd the welcome feet
Of those who brought us peace. Our eyes have seen
The milder aspect of a Conqueror's brow
Reflecting Mercy's beam; our very babes,
To admiration won, have learn'd to lisp
In joyful accents every hero's name.
And, as the stars of heaven, their names shall shine
In glory's page till time shall be no more.

And said I joy would never more return?
O slow to understand the ways of Heaven!
We see not in the storm the guiding hand,
Nor hear who says, "'Tis I—be not afraid."
But when our vessel gains the destin'd port,
We own, with grateful joy, the Pilot's care;
For comes not joy to me? Yes—in the smile
That gilds domestic peace; in social hours,

In converse sweet, in rational delights,
In all the Poet's charms; sufficiency,
Content, alternate labour and repose,
Sweetening each other; and the dear delight
Of books; and Friendship's charm to gild the whole;
And O, my Gracious God! that I might add
Progressive virtue and approving Heaven.
Joy comes, blest inmate of a heart at rest.
For though the leading star of my young hopes
Set in a clouded sky, a brighter sun
Broke through the gloom to light a happier day.
And if the shadow of past hours arise,
As they will oft, uncall'd, to memory's eye,
Shadows they are from Time's all-mellowing hand,
That guiltless rise and pain my heart no more.

Nor fruitless were those hours when sacred truth
Inspired my ardent soul, and raised it's powers
To meditative thought; my early faith
Confirm'd and strengthen'd, and my votive heart

To fair religion won.—The Parent Hand
That shapes all human ends to sovereign good,
And His Eternal Wisdom I adore :
And thank my God for all His blessings here ;
While Faith and Hope direct my eye to heaven.

THE STAR OF ALBION.

ON THE LAMENTED DEATH OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

HUSH'D is the lyre, the natal song unsung:

Nor pipe, nor organ swells upon the ear:

Changed is our mirth, for every heart is wrung,

And every eye is dimm'd with sorrow's tear.

O wretched Albion! well may'st thou deplore,

Whose brightest Star has set to rise no more.

Star of our dearest hopes! how bright a dawn

Beheld thy beauteous rising: golden days

Of happiness presaging: Hope forlorn!

Since fate's dark veil involves thy short lived rays.

A meteor blaze of transitory light,

Thy brightest star, O Albion, sets in night.

To-morrow's sun shall hail the infant heir :

To-morrow's sun shall gild a Brunswick's birth :

Alas ! that sun beheld the fatal bier,

And England's glory levell'd with the earth.

That boasted morrow dealt the deadly blow,

Which wraps a Nation in the weeds of woe !

How did we hail the inauspicious hour,

While joy sat plumed in every glistening eye,

How on the ear did gratulations pour ;

Nor dreamt we youthful royalty could die :

Till, like the burst of some volcanic roar,

The dreadful sound went forth,—“ She is no more.”

Sad is the brow, where hope triumphant smiled

Absorbed in grief, no language can impart,

We, with the Parent, mourn a darling Child :

We, with the Husband, wear a widow'd heart.

Thus weeping Albion dares to sympathize

And echo her afflicted Princes' sighs.

Good, noble, happy, beautiful and young,
Such Royal Charlotte was, and was our own.
Graced, as her faithful eulogists have sung
To bless retirement or adorn a throne.
In life belov'd—in death how deeply mourn'd—
Embalmed with tears ; and in our hearts inurn'd.

Oh what an aching void our bosoms feel !
A torpid grief, that blunts all other woe :
A deepening wound, which He alone can heal
Whose Providence, unerring, dealt the blow.
Yes ! while we bend beneath the chastening rod
We own the Father and adore the God.

Oh ! was it that a sinful Nation's crimes
The arrow pointed to so bright a mark ?
Pause—meditate—for these portentous times
Proclaim the Power in His Almighty work.
When Kings are bruised let trembling subjects fear ;
And warn'd, avert the threaten'd vengeance near.

Yet though our Hope has wither'd in the tomb

Which shrouds the lovely spoils of splendid worth,
Clothed in immortal glory she shall come

Who wore the robe of innocence on earth.

When life's Great Lord shall earth and heaven restore

Our beauteous Star shall rise to set no more.

ON THE
FRAILITY OF HUMAN LIFE,
AND THE NECESSITY OF PREPARING FOR DEATH AND
ETERNITY.

PSALM XXXIX. V. 5.

O LORD, this knowledge to thy servant give—
To know my end—how long I have to live.
Teach me the number of my measured days ;
And be they all devoted to thy praise.

Such was the Royal Psalmist's pious prayer,
Who sought to make Eternity his care ;
Well knowing that the longest life of man,
Compared with that is shorter than a span ;
Amidst the strange vicissitudes of fate,
Evil and good, by turns predominate
To mark his chequer'd life with bliss or woe :
(For such mortality is doom'd to know.)
Raised from the humble sheep-fold to a throne ;

Now crown'd with victory—now overthrown ;
Now falling from his duty and his God ;
Now humbled by affliction's chastening rod ;
And drown'd in tears of penitence and shame,
Confessing honour but an empty name :
Thus taught that human nature is but frail,
And that the best are liable to fail :
Since he, though blest with Heaven's peculiar care,
Had fall'n unheeding, in temptation's snare.

Let us reflect awhile on days gone by :
How will they bear our retrospective eye ?
How vain ! how foolish our pursuits have been.
Transient and few, the pleasures we have seen ;
Grasping at shadows, while the substance flies,
We seek on earth a tenant of the skies.
The world it's idle phantoms holds to view,
We trifle with them—yet despise them too ;
Resistless still it's fascinating charm,
Which shows no danger, whispers no alarm ;

'Till like the vampire, with unfelt controul,
It sucks the very life-spring of the soul.

Yet picture not of life, too dark a shade,
Lest melancholy fears our minds invade :
Nor take delight it's miseries to trace ;
But represent it with a brighter face.
Though Happiness has fix'd her seat in Heaven,
Content to earth's frail children still is given.
Life has it's comforts to assuage it's cares ;
And both for heavenly joys the soul prepares :
And scarce have any felt such hopelessness,
But some dear solace has remain'd to bless :
Nor any yet have been so happy here,
Not to have shed sometimes affliction's tear.
Still they who trust in God's protecting care,
With humble hope, resign'd, their lot may bear,

Have our past lives, then, tranquil been—and calm,
Imbued with pure religion's soothing balm ?

If not—Ourselves alone have been to blame,
When we her cheering powerful aid disclaim
By deep repinings at afflictions sent
As oft in mercy, as in punishment.
But whether Providence has bless'd our lives
With all the joys that prosp'rous fortune gives ;
Or that on life's uncertain stage we've stood
Exposed to storms, or drown'd in sorrow's flood ;
Soon must the curtain drop : the scene will close
And end our mortal pleasures and our woes.
Pilgrims on earth, we know no fix'd abode ;
Pilgrims, we seek the city of our God.

What though this world alluring should appear,
Let us not say 'tis good to linger here :
Nor think this mould'ring tenement of earth
Fit for a spirit of celestial birth.
Though flattering to our view the scene appears,
How soon expires the term of fourscore years !

To half the allotted span how few attain ;
Yet man disquieteth his heart in vain
To multiply his riches—heap on heap—
And little thinks who shall the treasure reap.

Man is but vanity !—In his best state
His nature is but frail—his follies great :
Eager he flies life's fleeting joys to share,
But thinks eternal joys scarce worth his care.
He leaves Salvation's work to that late hour
When weary nature feels disease's power.
O, wherefore still defer from day to day,
To seek the bliss that fadeth not away !
When worldly riches seem within our reach,
Does interest then procrastination teach ?
O, No !—Man never ventures to delay
Worldly advantage to a distant day ;
But the most distant day appears too nigh,
When the pursuit is but—ETERNITY.

And yet that great and awful day must come ;
That threatened day of retributive doom,
When earth and heaven shall melt with fervent heat :
On high appears th' eternal judgment-seat :
Lo trembling myriads at that awful throne,
The justice of their final sentence own.

These are not dreams of a distempered brain,
Or phantoms to afflict the soul in vain :
But words of truth, by God himself pronounced,
Who, on the sinner, vengeance hath denounc'd,
Unless he strive by penitence and prayer,
The All-atoning Sacrifice to share.
But for the Obedient, blessings are prepared,
Such as no eye hath seen—no ear hath heard.
Then every Mystery shall be reveal'd,
And every secret thought, howe'er conceal'd ;
Then shall we learn why Wisdom should bestow
On some Prosperity, on others Woe.

Why Penury and Want was this man's fate,
And why Abundance did on that await ;
No longer wealth draws her admiring trains,
Nor of his lot the beggar now complains.
The wicked from their guileful arts shall cease,
The weary shall find rest—the troubled peace.
The proud Oppressor shall invade no more
The little comforts of the humble poor.
For every Power must end save God alone ;
And jealous conflicts be no longer known.
Then shall the storm-toss'd soul—though tempest driv'n,
A shelt'ring harbour find—a rest in heaven ;
If by Religion's chart our course we steer,
Seraphic wings shall waft our Spirits there.

ON THE DEATH OF

ENGLAND'S MOST BELOVED AND GRACIOUS KING,

GEORGE III.

GENIUS of Britain, once again
Awake thy melancholy strain :
A sorrowing world with thee shall mourn,
O'er England's Monarch's hallow'd urn.

Weep for the Good—The duteous tear
Of sons bereft bedews thy bier,
As o'er thy shrouded form we bend,
Lamented Father, King, and Friend.

Weep for the Noble—Him whose breast
Made Virtue it's continued guest.
On whose pure heart, unstain'd by guilt,
Celestial truth her altar built.

Weep for the Brave—whose generous soul
Could every selfish wish controul:
Who e'en beneath th' assassin's steel,
Felt but compassion's strong appeal.

The Patriot weep—who dauntless stood
While abject Kings their fetters woo'd,
Protector of his country's fame,
Briton in heart, as well as name.

Weep for the Pious—him whose tongue
In matin prayer, and vesper song,
Raised the pure strain by faith inspired,
And practised all that faith required.

Yes, weep the tributary praise
Of Worth transcending mortal lays ;
Angels thy eulogy shall sing,
Lamented Father, Friend, and KING.

J O S E P H,

A D R A M A T I C P O E M.

JOSEPH.

JACOB.

REUBEN.

SIMEON.

LEVI.

JUDAH.

DAN.

NAPHTHALI.

GAD.

ASHER.

ZEBULON.

ISSACHAR.

JOSEPH.

BENJAMIN.

STEWARD.

GUARDIAN ANGEL.

JOSEPH.

JACOB'S DWELLING.

JACOB AND HIS SONS.

JACOB.

COME forth, my sons, behold the cheerful morn
Resplendent beams. On Heaven's own breath upborne
Creation's early adorations rise
In grateful mute spontaneous sacrifice.
Then let not man be slow his GOD to praise,
Who gave his vocal tongue it's hymn to raise.

Father of Light and Life, to Thee we bend
Our suppliant knees ; to Thee our prayers ascend.
Let our first grateful breath to Thee aspire,
Like incense kindled by celestial fire.
'Thou giv'st our rest, 'Thou giv'st our needful food,
'Thou giv'st us all ; and all 'Thou giv'st is good.

Still let Thy goodness o'er our fate preside,
And deign to be our Father, Friend, and Guide ;
Supply the wants of our dependent state,
Nor let that be too low, nor yet too great,
Lest being rich we should forget thy name,
Or poor, should steal, and cause reproach and shame.
So shall our grateful hearts Thy praise declare,
And tell how manifold Thy mercies are.
Our table spread, our grateful tribute paid,
With thankful hearts be nature's calls obey'd :

JOSEPH.

And while the strengthening meal our hearts shall cheer,
Will my indulgent father lend an ear
While I the vision of the night impart ?

JACOB.

Thy father's ear, my child, thy father's heart
Be ever open to the mild request,
By duty urged, or by affection prest.

JOSEPH.

May Heaven bless my father for his love ;
And may thy duteous children grateful prove.

Last night, when sleep had closed my weary eyes,
A wondrous dream or vision seem'd to rise :
My brethren and myself were in the field,
Where the ripe harvest did it's treasure yield ;
And as the russet ears in sheaves we bound,
Mine stood upright while their's were bowing round.

DAN.

Vain boaster, cease ! Give o'er thy idle tale ;
Nor let such fancies in thy mind prevail :
Shall we on thy superior greatness wait ?
Who shall make thee the ruler of our fate ?

JOSEPH.

Brother, 'twas but a dream : then wherefore chide,
Or tax my sleep's infirmity with pride ?
Yet so it was—nay more—I dreamt again
And saw the host of Heaven, a brilliant train !
Eleven stars, ('twas wonderful to see)
And sun and moon obeisance made to me.

JACOB.

Forbear, my son, nor let thy heart believe
Dreams that too oft the credulous deceive ;

Let not such flattering visions swell thy pride,
Nor think fair Nature's laws to set aside :
Thy parents still o'er thee must bear the sway,
To govern is their part, thine to obey.
And, O my children ! let not baneful strife
Poison the remnant of your father's life.

Now to your several occupations haste,
Nor time, the gift of Heaven, idly waste.
The morning wears ; away my sons, away ;
Your flocks demand your care, no more delay ;
Speed to the fold ; perhaps some new year'd lamb
Requires your aid, perhaps some panting dam.
Forth with your kine—to cooling streams repair,
And lead your herds to pastures fresh and fair :
To dumb creation kind attention show,
Creatures of providence as well as you ;
And whilst through heaven's all-bounteous care you live,
Freely as you receive so freely give.
Go—Joseph stays with me—his tender years
Require instruction and a father's cares.

Yet soon the lad shall to the field repair,
Bring you your noontide meal and tell me how you fare.

DOTHAN.

JACOB'S SONS, WITH THEIR FLOCKS.

ASSER.

Behold the dreamer, whom the obsequious skies
Are flattering with superior destinies ;
To whose imperious yoke our necks must bow.

SIMEON.

Say'st thou ! Oh ! sooner lay the rebel low :
Is't not enough that he our father's love
Has stolen from us ; must we also prove
But cringing slaves to this false favorite,
Who makes us odious in our father's sight ?

JOSEPH.

Brethren, our tender father greets you well,
And wills that I return with speed, to tell
How ye, with all your fleecy charge betide,
That he may freely for your wants provide.

SIMEON.

Think not again to see thy father's face,
Thou pamper'd minion, bane of all our race ;
For thou hast wrong'd us by thy slanderous tales,
Whose venom o'er his doting mind prevails.

JOSEPH.

Alas ! what do thy fearful words portend,
What have I done ? Oh ! how did I offend ?
Unwittingly I have incurred your hate,
For my affection is inviolate.
Oh, let my tender years your pity move,
And do not hate me for a father's love.
He loves you also, tenderly he loves ;
It is your faults alone which he reproves.
O turn away those dark ferocious eyes ;
What deadly passions in your features rise :
Lift not your hands against a brother's life,
Our father warned us to beware of strife ;
Break not his aged heart by such a deed ;
Reuben, dear Reuben, for thy brother plead.

REUBEN.

Give me the lad. Let us not shed his blood ;
It is an act which cannot come to good :
Not far from hence I know there is a pit,
Murky and deep, which will your purpose fit ;
There let us throw him in, and we can say
Some evil beast hath dragged the child away.

ISSACHAR.

'Tis wisely urged. Strip off that tawdry pledge
Of partial love, that many-coloured badge :
Dipp'd in a kid's warm blood, that coat we'll take
Home to our father for his darling's sake.

JOSEPH.

O cruel brethren ! prostrate at your feet
I beg, I pray, most earnestly entreat,
Let me once more behold my father's face ;
Let me but once more feel his lov'd embrace :
Oh ! let him bless me ere you fix my doom,
And send me living to that horrid tomb :
May you find Mercy in the time of need.

NAPHTHALI.

We trifle—give his words no longer heed.

[*They put JOSEPH into the pit—REUBEN retires.*

JUDAH.

See you afar that cloud of dust arise ?

It is a caravan of merchandize.

A lucky chance is guiding them this road

To free us from the guilt of kindred blood ;

Be swift to counsel—may we not pursue

A safer plan, and rather than imbrue

Our hands in blood, were it not well to try

If these strange merchants will the stripling buy ?

We should be gainers by the advent'rous deed,

And from our brother's blood our souls be freed.

LEVI.

Judah, thy counsels ever are most wise,

Do thou conduct the arduous enterprise ;

Let not his influence cross our path again,

And all the host of heaven may swell his train !

[*They take JOSEPH from the pit, and bear him away to
the Midianitish Merchants.*]

REUBEN *returns—he looks into the pit.*

REUBEN.

Now my dear injured brother, you shall find
That I seem'd cruel only to be kind.
O Heaven! the child is gone! what shall I do?
O whither shall I go; what course pursue?
I hoped to counteract their cruel plans;
I hoped to snatch him from their murderous hands,
To calm the terrors of his fierce alarms,
And give him to a father's sheltering arms;
But he is lost.—How shall I now return
To see our venerable parent mourn,
Behold his reverend form with grief brought low,
And beg his blessing, knowing what I know?

JOSEPH'S GUARDIAN ANGEL—*from a Cloud.*

Impious and blind! in vain ye strive with fate,
Or thwart the counsels predeterminate
Which God's eternal wisdom hath design'd,
Plann'd and perfected in his mighty mind.

Ye are but instruments of His High Will,
Urged by His Guidance, though resisting still,
In vain your ineffectual schemes ye try
To overturn Immutability.
In adamantine strength His Purpose stands,
Not to be shaken by rebellious hands :
Ye toil to counteract the Eternal Will,
Those toils His providential plans fulfil ;
And your unyielding necks must yet bow down
Humbly beneath your lordly brother's frown.
My charge is rescued from your murderous hands,
And, though he trace the desert's arid sands,
Though exile and captivity succeed
Bonds and imprisonment, th' ungrateful need
Of faithful service, and unswerving truth
In the fair morning of ingenuous youth ;
Yet from the furnace of affliction, tried,
He shall come forth refined and purified ;
And the bright day-star of his glory rise
Triumphant, o'er his baffled enemies.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

JOSEPH.

PART THE SECOND.

EGYPT.

JOSEPH AND STEWARD.

JOSEPH.

Are all the people served as I desired?

STEWARD.

They are, my Lord, and have with thanks retired ;
And while they bent the supplicating knee,
They bless'd the sapient mind that could foresee
This fearful famine, and the overflow
Of plenteous years so prudently bestow.

JOSEPH.

That Praise is God's : His Sovereign Power alone
Can save a Land, or guard a Monarch's Throne ;
His Providence the warning visions sent,
That prudence might the coming woe prevent.

SERVANT.

My Lord, a band of Strangers at the gate,
To purchase corn, your gracious pleasure wait.

JOSEPH.

Whence are these men?

SERVANT.

From Canaan's land they say,
And with submissive words your bounty pray.

JOSEPH.

From Canaan said'st thou? What a lengthen'd train
Of sad reflections float across my brain;
My home! my Father! does he yet survive?
My Brethren, cruel Brethren! do they live?
Into my presence let the men be brought;
The interview may be with tidings fraught.
What do I see? My Brethren? Peace my soul!
And strive thy varying passions to controul:
They will not know me in my alter'd state,
Nor see the banish'd object of their hate:

Yet, O my God, my thanks to Thee I give,
Who sent me here to keep their souls alive.

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN.

JOSEPH.

Whence are ye ? say—your business let me hear;
But speak the truth, or else my vengeance fear.

JUDAH.

We come from Canaan, and beseech your grace,
To save the remnant of a hapless race;
We heard that Egypt was with plenty blest,
While Famine every other land opprest:
Therefore to purchase food thy servants come,
To save the fainting souls we've left at home.

JOSEPH.

Tell me no more of your audacious lies,
'Tis falsehood all; I know that ye are spies:
To see the naked land abroad ye come,
And leave your helpless families at home.

REUBEN.

Indeed thy servants speak the words of truth;
We were twelve brethren, from our earliest youth,

We live at home, one common Father own,
Whose reverend form is now with age bow'd down;
One son remains with him, and one is not;
And still our Father mourns his hapless lot.

JOSEPH.

Thus will I prove if ye have spoken truth,
Ye shall return and hither bring that youth :
One must be left a prisoner—to remain
Till with your brother ye return again;
Then if I find ye have not told a lie,
Your pressing wants I gladly will supply.

SIMEON.

Too surely are we guilty, and the cries
Of our lost Brother's blood have reach'd the skies:
He sued for mercy, but he sued in vain,
We mock'd his tears and triumph'd o'er his pain,
Unmoved beheld his agony of soul,
And Heaven now requites a sin so foul.

REUBEN.

By what dark spirits were your hearts beguiled ?
Did I not warn you not to hurt the child ?

Full well I knew it could not come to good ;
No man can prosper stain'd with brother's blood.
Woes throng'd on woes our guilty steps pursue,
And conscience owns the punishment our due.
Back we must trace our melancholy way,
To sorrow and remorse a hapless prey.

JOSEPH turns from his brethren weeping.

JOSEPH.

Go—raise the drooping hearts that mourn your stay,
And take provision also for the way.

To the Servant.

Fill these men's sacks with corn, and send them home.

To Simeon.

Thou must be prisoner till thy brethren come.
Yet fear ye not if ye be true indeed,
That truth establish'd, he at once is freed.

CANAAN.

JACOB'S TENT.—JACOB AND HIS SONS.

JACOB.

Return my sons to Egypt, buy us bread.

JUDAH.

Alas ! my father, hath it not been said,
We ne'er must enter Pharaoh's house again,
Unless our little brother join our train ?
For thus, the man in power did roughly speak,
“ Never attempt again my face to seek,
Nor ever hope to see your brother free,
Unless your younger brother come to me.”

JACOB.

Why dealt ye so ? Alas ! why did ye tell
Ye had another brother ; was it well ?

REUBEN.

He ask'd us of our kindred and our state ;
According to his words we answer'd straight.
Reflect my Father, could it be foreknown
That he would bid us bring our brother down ?

JACOB.

My lost, my much-loved Rachel's eldest born,
Joseph, is from my fond embraces torn :
Simcon is not ; and ye would take away
My Benjamin, my age's dearest stay.
I will not, cannot spare him from my arms,
Dread of impending ill my soul alarms ;
Should mischief light upon his precious head,
Should ye return and say the child is dead,
My hoary head, grey with affliction grown,
Would sorrowing to the silent grave go down.

JUDAH.

I will be surety for him ; trust to me,
And I will bring him safely back to thee :
My two dear little ones as pledges take ;
And let them die if I the youth forsake.

LEVI.

Why stand we here with look of sad despair?
O Father, hear us ! Israel hear our prayer !

Think of the promise when that name was given,
And know thy progeny the care of Heaven:
Remember, 'twas by GOD Himself confest,
That in thy seed all nations should be blest.
I see the record treasured in the skies;
I see the Star of Bethlehem arise
To manifest an Infant Saviour's birth,
The promised seed born to redeem the earth.
Fear not then, Jacob! Trust the Almighty Word;
Thou art the chosen vessel of the Lord;
Parent of Kings foretold, thou know'st their doom,
Judah shall reign until MESSIAH come:
That righteous Branch whom Prophets shall proclaim,
And every knee shall bow before His Name.
Writ on his thigh, behold the glorious words,
Eternal KING of KINGS, and LORD of LORDS!

JACOB.

I feel, my son, I feel the sacred fire
Of those prophetic words my soul inspire
With holy hope. My darling shall go down;
But in his precious life exists my own:

My Rachel, dying, gave him to my care,
And he alone remains of one so dear :
Then bring him back ; and Oh ! return with speed :
Reft of my children, I'm bereft indeed.

Go now and buy the food our wants demand ;
Take also double money in your hand :
Remember sons, that when ye last came back,
Ye found each man his money in his sack ;
The just will no unfair advantage take,
But will love Righteousness for its own sake.
A little present too I would advise ;
Honey and almonds, balm and myrrh and spice :
And GOD Almighty bless the enterprize.

BENJAMIN, *kneeling*.

Bless me, my father, bless me once again,
A father's blessing will my life sustain.

JACOB.

God bless my dearest child—I can no more !
Though in my heart I bless thee o'er and o'er.

Those, only those, who have endured the smart
Can tell the fears which wring a Parent's heart.

EGYPT.

JOSEPH'S HOUSE.

THE BRETHREN AND STEWARD.

STEWARD.

It is my Lord's command that you should wait
His presence here : he will be with you straight.

JUDAH.

I sink with dread ; and deep-laid treachery fear.
This is the Ruler's house : why are we here ?

LEVI.

I fear that money was a deep laid plot.

JUDAH.

Yet how are we to blame ? We stole it not.

LEVI.

That nought avails : 'twill a pretence afford
To seize and make us bondmen to this Lord.

BENJAMIN.

Let not your souls give way to sad despair,
We trust in God, and He will hear our prayer.
We are His faithful Abraham's chosen seed,
And God will help us in the hour of need.

STEWARD.

Behold, I bring your brother safe and free.

JUDAH.

Sir, we would commune yet awhile with thee.
Ere now we came to purchase needful food;
Your generous Master loaded us with good;
But fear assail'd us on returning back,
Each man beheld his money in his sack:
We cannot tell by whom or how put there.
Perchance 'twas oversight—perhaps a snare.

STEWARD.

Be not suspicious of an ill intent,
If ye found treasure, God that treasure sent:
I had your money; banish then your fears;
For see our Lord with gracious smiles appears.

REUBEN TO JOSEPH.

We come, obedient to thy high commands;
Accept this little present at our hands:
Would it were better worth.

JOSEPH.

My thanks receive.

Say, does the good old man, your father, live?

REUBEN.

He lives, and healthy for his age appears;
But he is hastening to the vale of years.

JOSEPH.

Is this your youngest brother whom I see?
My son, may God be gracious unto thee.
This day with me ye take your noon's repast,
And on the morrow ye shall homeward haste,
Restored in peace to your expecting sire,
And laden with good things. Awhile retire,
And wash your feet, and take your needful rest.

REUBEN.

In duty bound we bow to thy behest.

JOSEPH.

Let me compose my thoughts ; and calm my breast,
Which throbs with joy too great to be supprest.

JOSEPH AND STEWARD.

JOSEPH.

Attend, and punctually my words obey.
Into the young man's sack my cup convey :
Their money also ; and at dawn of day
Let them depart ; but quick pursue their way ;
O'ertake and charge them with ungrateful theft,
And say, the thief must be a bondman left.

STEWARD.

Be thou in all things, as in this, obey'd ;
It shall be done, my Lord, as thou hast said.

JOSEPH'S *Brethren, on their journey homeward, over-*
taken by his Steward.

STEWARD.

Why have ye dealt this evil to my Lord,
To steal his cup from off his friendly board ?

JUDAH.

What dost thou say? Quick, search the sacks around;
And if in any one the cup be found,
Then let us die; we are not fit to live,
If such return for kindness we could give.

STEWARD.

Not rashly so, but him with whom 'tis found,
We will take back unto our master, bound.

REUBEN.

We are content, the plan is wise and just;
Thou'lt find us innocent I firmly trust.

[*The Steward searches, and finds the cup in BENJAMIN's sack.*]

BENJAMIN.

The Cup! the Cup! who can have served me so?

JUDAH.

The cup with Benjamin! Oh dreadful blow!
No help remains; the plot is deeply laid
That we may all be seized and bondmen made:
For never will we part, nor home return
To see our much afflicted father mourn.

Let us trace back our melancholy way—

Would I had died ere I had seen this day.

[They put up their sacks and mournfully follow the

STEWARD.]

[JOSEPH'S Brethren enter into his presence and fall down before him.]

JUDAH.

O hear a wretched brother, hear my cry,

Spare that dear little one and let me die :

O hear my supplication ; grant me this—

Most cheerfully I'll give my life for his :

For thus at parting our dear father spake,

My life's last prop, my dearest hope ye take :

But bring him back to bless my longing sight,

Or see me close mine eyes in endless night.

JOSEPH.

Let all retire.————

Come to your brother's arms :

For I am Joseph—Wherefore these alarms ?

Fear not, nor grieve that you did send me here ;
'Tis God directs our actions every where.
He sent me here that you might find a friend :
You were the means, but His the chosen end.
Dear Benjamin, thou brother of my love !
What sweet emotions does thy presence move ;
While in my circling arms I hold thee fast,
The joy I feel o'er pays all sufferings past.

BENJAMIN.

O my dear brother, by this fond embrace,
My heart o'erflows to see thy much-loved face.

JOSEPH.

Five years of dreadful famine yet must come ;
Leave then your barren land, be this your home :
Let me my aged father see once more,
And I will nourish him ; for here is store
Of all good things ; our righteous God did make
My counsels wise for his own Israel's sake.

LEVI.

We fain would ask thee of thy alter'd state,
But fear, for we have well deserved thy hate.

JOSEPH.

Fear not to ask ; for I will truly say
All that has happen'd since that fatal day,
When with a sorrowing heart I left our home,
With mercenary tribes abroad to roam.
To Potiphar, a Lord of Pharaoh's guard,
The merchants sold me ; nor was service hard ;
For I found favour in my master's sight,
And all my good intentions he thought right ;
He made me ruler of his whole estate,
And wealth and honour did accumulate.
But (would I could the shameful truth disguise),
My mistress saw me too, with partial eyes ;
She urged her guilty suit from day to day ;
But could I my confiding Lord betray ?
No, never ! for I fear the Lord of Heaven,
And reverence the commandments he has given :
Her disappointed love to hatred turn'd,
And with revenge her angry bosom burn'd ;
To her wrong'd Lord she forged a cruel lie,
And I, the victim of her perfidy,

Unheard, unfriended, met a fearful doom,
Consign'd to infamy and dungeon-gloom.
Still with unshaken confidence in God,
I bowed submissive to his chastening rod ;
And in the dungeon, even there, arose,
A friend who felt and soften'd all my woes.

It happen'd that at this eventful time,
Two of the royal household for some crime,
Were to the prison sent; I, left at large,
Was by the keeper trusted with their charge :
Each dreamed a dream, mysterious and profound,
And I the hidden meaning did expound,
That one must die ; the other be restored
To grace and favour with his sovereign Lord.
Three days elapsed, the time the dream portray'd,
And it befel to each as I had said.
One was condemn'd to die, and one restored
To grace and favour with his sovereign Lord.
Then I implored him to commiserate,

The hardship of my unrelenting fate :
And in the royal ear to tell my tale,
That justice might o'er calumny prevail :
He promised ; but his promise he forgot,
And thought not of the suffering captive's lot.
But to my Royal Lord a dream appear'd,
And much his troubled soul the import fear'd ;
The baffled Magi, tried their Art in vain,
None could interpret, or the dream explain.
'Twas then my fellow-prisoner thought of me :
They ope'd my prison doors and set me free.
Brought before Pharaoh I the dream explain'd,
That God's all-seeing Wisdom had ordain'd,
Seven plenteous years the fruitful earth should bless, }
And seven long years succeed of sore distress, }
While Famine's rage should all the world oppress. }
Then counsel'd him to get his kingdom stored
With all the good that plenty would afford.

He gave me credence, and, at his command,
I became ruler over all this land.

This is my history ; and give God the praise,
Who, out of seeming evil, good can raise.
Go tell my aged father that I live ;
Bring him, that I his blessing may receive ;—
Return with speed ; here ye shall dwell at ease,
And all your future days be crown'd with peace.
But let not discord in your bosoms burn,
And fall not out as homeward ye return.

JUDAH.

Fear not, but we the precept will obey ;
We've suffer'd much from having gone astray :
The blissful tidings we will haste to tell,
Return with speed, and all shall yet be well.

JACOB'S TENT.

THE BRETHREN RETURNED.

JACOB [*embracing Benjamin.*]

Gladly I see thy face my darling child,
Ne'er since thou left me hath thy father smiled.

BENJAMIN.

Joy to my Father! Joy and peace we've brought.

JACOB.

My Sons' return was all the joy I sought.

REUBEN.

Oh say, my dearest Father! can'st thou bear
News of thy son, thy long-lost son to hear?

JACOB.

Oh mock me not! Think that my life is frail,
Nature will sink if my raised hopes should fail.

JUDAH.

Thy Joseph lives! and we have seen his face;
He much, my Father, longs for thy embrace.

JACOB.

Bear up my trembling heart, support this joy;
Much more than grief it threatens to destroy:
But God sustain'd me in the trying hour,
And still supports me by His Gracious Power.
Does my child live?

JUDAH.

He rules in Egypt's Land;
Save Pharaoh, all submit to his command.

And he a portion of that land will give,
That we may there in peace and plenty live.
Behold! the waggons are already come,
Sent to convey us to a better home.

JACOB.

He lives! he lives! my fearful doubts are o'er;
My Joseph lives to bless my age once more.
For I will see him if my God shall please,
Bless my dear long-lost child, and die in peace.

INVOCATION

TO THE ALLIED SOVEREIGNS ON THEIR VISIT TO
ENGLAND IN 1814.

ILLUSTRIOUS Strangers, why haste to depart?
Hear a Nation's entreaties which flow from the heart :
'Tis England ! She lifts her unanimous voice,
O stay yet awhile, and her people rejoice :
Stay, Bringers of Blessings, dispens'd from the skies,
Stay, joy of all hearts, and delight of all eyes.

Bright Sun of the North ! thou hast gladden'd our
days :
So mild thy effulgence, so cheering thy rays,
Their influence benignant is spread through our Isle,
And her children enraptured, rejoice in thy smile :
Stay, Bringer of Blessings, dispensed from the skies,
Stay, joy of all hearts, and delight of all eyes.

In our hearts live enshrined when that moment
shall come,
When blessings from millions shall follow thee home ;
And O may the Peace thou hast brought us endure
Like thine own polar star—fixt—immutable—sure ;
Whilst England shall boast in her noble Allies,
The joy of all hearts, the delight of all eyes.

THE ESCAPE.

'Tis good to meditate on days past by,
For days to come deceive us: gay with hope,
We hail the new-born year, and Fancy's eye
Sees in Time's long perspective, happier days:
But false are fancy's optics.—So we hail'd
The birth of this eventful wondrous year*,
Whose happy auspices gave golden hopes
Of halcyon days in view, and those blest times,
When, sword to plough-shares, spears to sickles turn'd—
Nation with nation, should in union dwell,
And war be known no more. Alas! not yet!
For Moloch's thirst, insatiate, cries more blood;
Nor shall his horrid altars victims lack,
While Gallia in her frantic bosom bears
A scorpion race of parricidal sons.
One would have thought enough of blood had flow'd
To inundate the world, and quench the rage

* 1815.

Of maddening faction, and Ambition's fire;
But he still lives, whose sanguinary soul
Would drown ten thousand worlds, and after bathe
With joy demoniac in the purple flood.

Sudden as Heaven's eruptive fire,
Which spreads destruction round,
The exil'd Foe returns ;
And treason's smother'd flame
Bursts forth rekindled, while aghast,
As though by Heaven's own shaft transfix'd,
The astonish'd world look on.

But soon the battle din is heard,
And soon the high-raised Standards tell
A dreadful crisis nigh,
Short was the breathing-time of Welcome Peace :
The Foe ! the Foe in arms !
Re-echoes through the land :
And Freedom's valiant sons rush forth again,
To Victory, or Death.

In vain in History's page,
We seek the parallel
Of these embattled hosts.
This terrible array,
The slaughter-breathing ranks
Of menace and repulsion.
Dreadful the conflict, breathless the suspense,
The fate of Empires hung upon those swords
Which met in deadly strife at Waterloo.

Firm as their native rocks, a resolute band,
Unbroken, unsubdued, sustain the shock
Of Fury's fierce attack,
Nor, spite of fallen numbers, yield one inch;
Tenacious of their still disputed post,
They breast them to the foe.

Yes, let Napoleon urge the fiercer charge,
Vain is the impetuous rush ;
The furious onslaught vain ;

A sacred Bulwark guards the patriot cause,
A wall of more than adamantine strength,
A wall of British Hearts.

The cheek of Napoleon is pale,
And the sparkle is fled from his eye;
For he sees that the conflict is o'er,
He sees that the battle is lost,
And glory to Britain is won:
For hark, the welcome sound is now gone forth,
And spreads from rank to rank, the cheering words
—Up lads—and charge,
The well fought field is ours.

The ever watchful Chief whose piercing eye
Darted its eagle glance on all around,
Patient to wait the vantage hour,
And prompt the vantage hour to seize;
That watchful Chief the moment saw,
That watchful Chief the moment knew,
And led the brave attack that won the brilliant day.

Confounded, baffled, shamed,
The astonish'd foe gives way !
 Broken is the battle-bow,
 And the war-spear snapp'd in twain ;
 And the last revolting gun
 Tells the victory is won.

An awful pause succeeds the work of death,
When from the hot pursuit the victors rest,
And give the hunted fugitives to breathe.

A mournful task remains—to search the field,
Where in death's cold embrace encountering foes
Have fallen heap on heap—pale, stiffening forms,
So lately animate with martial fire ;
Of glory emulous—and plumed with hope.
How is their glory quench'd, their fire extinct !
Their hearts, so ardent for their Country's fame,
Feel not their Country's triumph—purchased too,
O dearly purchased ! by their precious blood.

But o'er the ensanguined field of death
Still Britain's guardian angel soar'd aloft,
Soft were the tears the angel shed,
Enbalming every Hero fallen ;
And every Hero's parting soul
Was wafted on her sighs to heaven.

Then from her beamy wing a shaft she pluckt
And with the vital stream,
That had for freedom flow'd,
In glory's page inscribed each deathless name.
Her arduous task is done.

For now a cherub sweetly sings,
Guardian spirit spread thy wings :
Haste to join the heavenly train,
Seek thy native realms again :
Spirit here thy task is done,
Glory is to Britain won.

Mark that banner waving high,
See it streaming through the sky,
There her destiny behold ;
Written there in beamy gold ;
See the Hero's motto shine ;
Wellington, the motto's thine,
Wellington, thy country's boast ;
In thy very name a host,
Born to conquer—not to yield :
Write INVICTUS on thy shield.
Yet the Praise be HIS alone
In whose Name the cause is won :
Thanks and Praise to God be given,
Lord of Hosts—of Earth—of Heaven.
Spirit join the choral train,
Seek the realms of bliss again :
Glory is to Britain won,
Spirit, here thy task is done.

* * * * *

* * * * *

Strain every eye !
For bounding on the waves
A gallant ship
Cuts through her foamy way :
And now in port
Her anchor cast
Triumphantly she rides.

O what a freight her swelling bosom bears :
'Tis he, the man of blood !
As lightning swift,
The rushing tide
Of living crimson marks each ardent cheek,
And every eye strikes fire.

I would not triumph o'er a humbled foe,
Nor force the iron deeper in his soul ;
But shall a Briton's knee be bent,
Or shall a Briton's head be bow'd
In adulation's guise ?
Forbid it Britain's honest pride,

Forbid it Britain's just disdain ;

Forbid it social love.

Shame on the supple joints which thus could bend,

And basely adulate this Monster Man ;

Him, who, with coward tongue, insulting mock'd

Lovely and unoffending Prussia's Queen.

Him, who exulted with satanic smile,

O'er the death agonies of brave Moreau ;

Him, whose remorseless cruelty condemn'd

To midnight murder Conde's virtuous heir.

Protecting Guardian of our happy Isle,

Seize on the helm,

And turn the ominous prow ;

Propitious gales arise,

Fill every sail,

And waft the fatal prize to distant shores ;

Let not this deadly Upas curse our soil,

Nor taint the air the Sons of Freedom breathe,

O bear this man of terrors far away,

Where he may find—and leave the world—repose.

HOLIDAYS.

REST is the gracious boon bestow'd by Him
Who knows our corporal wants ; with labour tired
We seek a kindly respite from our toil,
In Nature's sweet restorer ; and refresh'd,
Resume our tasks with joy :—The active mind
Which sends her thoughts abroad, to cull the stores
Of knowledge wide diffused, recalls them oft
To recreate, and pause ! or quits awhile
Severer studies for the lighter aim
Of innocent diversion : To this end
The wise Preceptor slackens the tight rein
Of rigid discipline, and gives the youth
To roam awhile at large ; this is the Rest
Of boyish application, and the mind
That feels the blest indulgence, will return
(The allotted period past,) with quicken'd zeal,
And renovated ardour, to explore
The mines which shall enrich a future hour.

TO MY HUSBAND.

ON THE TWENTY-SECOND ANNIVERSARY OF OUR
MARRIAGE.

AGAIN the welcome smile of grateful love
Has blest this happy day ;—Time, who had laid
His icy fingers on our outward forms,
Has not yet chill'd affection's glow within,
Proof against Winter's snows, and Age's frost.
E'er since the day, when in the sacred Fane,
We plighted faith and love, my thoughts have turn'd
To thee as to a centre : spring of all
My earthly happiness.—But well I ween,
Though willing duty never droop'd her wing,
The tenor of her path has yet been mark'd
With many imperfections ; still my heart
Has ever been at home, undeviate
In truth and love to thee.—Affection's fount,
Diverging into streams of parent love

Flows copious, but those parted streams return,
Confluent again to thee their native source :
And while my constant prayers ascend to Heaven,
For life, for health, for happiness to thee,
I bless the hand divine that made us one ;
Conjoin'd in love, in faith, in holy hope,
Helpmates on earth, and candidates for Heaven.

He is Risen.

He is Risen;

AN

EASTER OFFERING.

INSCRIBED, BY PERMISSION,

TO THE

GOVERNORS AND MASTERS

OF

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

DEDICATION.

THE emphatic words "HE IS RISEN," worn, at Easter, on the breasts of the Children of Christ's Hospital, have always awakened in my mind the most lively emotions of Faith, Hope, and Joy, intermingled with those of Admiration and Devotional Awe.

Imperfectly as these feelings are expressed in the following pages, may I venture to present them as the humble Easter Offering of a parent honouring the Institution, respecting its Governors, reverencing its Masters, rejoicing in a participation of the admirable lessons of one of those masters, and grateful for the adoption of those of my children who are now enjoying the blessings of a sound and religious education.

May the name of the Royal Founder descend with blessing to the latest posterity; may its benefactors receive an hundred fold in this life, and an eternal reward hereafter; and that the children, trained up in the paths of religion and virtue, may follow, through life, the blessed example of that Saviour, to whom, I trust, they are more than nominally dedicated, is the fervent prayer of

Their sincerely obliged,

And truly grateful friend,

And well-wisher,

A. P.

He is Risen.

WE ask not Who?—For every glowing heart,
That swells with Christian triumph, bears impress'd
The HEAVENLY CONQUEROR's Name, and joy-
ful owns

The WORLD's DELIVERER! Yes, it is HE,
Whom martyr'd Stephen's disincumber'd eye
Saw, ere it closed, through Heaven's unfolding doors
Enthroned in glory. He it is, whose voice,
Heard in appalling thunder, check'd the rage
Of Saul's intemperate zeal; and instant won
A willing convert's faith. 'Tis He who gave
The test of sense by doubting Thomas claim'd,
Conviction palpable; with mild reproof
Compelling him to own HIS LORD! HIS GOD!

Yes, He is risen! This sacred morn's first breath
To Mary's gladden'd ear the welcome sound
Of those bless'd words convey'd, when restless grief

HE IS RISEN.

Impell'd her early feet to seek the tomb
Of Her lamented Teacher, Friend, and God!
The life-restoring tidings, "He is risen!"
Burst through the fatal gloom, which overhung
The ignominious Cross, like that bright ray
Which chased primeval darkness, darker fears
Enlightening by the beams of Gospel truth.

Come, sacred love! come gratitude, and joy!
Come each divine inspirer! Heavenly guests
Possess my soul, and animate my song;
My ardent bosom fill, my humble powers
Exalt, to celebrate this joyful day;
Great day of reconciliation with our God,
Which bids our hopes immortal bloom again,
Grafted on Jesse's never-fading stem.

But O the fearful cost,—the countless price
Eternal justice claim'd! Not all the blood
Of twice ten thousand victims yearly slain,
Of rams, or bullocks, goats, or spotless lambs,
Could wash away the stain of human guilt,
Remembrancers alone, and typical

HE IS RISEN.

Of that great sacrifice of aftertime,
When Sion's sacred Lamb his precious blood
Should shed in full remission, pre-ordain'd,
'Ere from chaotic waste fair Nature's frame
Rose beautiful at His creative word.

When God created man, He made him good,
His beauteous form enrobed a god-like soul,
Of birth celestial, origin divine !
For God's own breath that living soul inspired ;
And God's own hand the beauteous stamp impress'd
Of his own image on the perfect work.
And happy too was then that master-piece
Of all Creation's wonders ; God, with man
Well pleased, and man, the friend of God,
Enjoy'd the intercourse of mutual love ;
For man was grateful for the gifts bestow'd,
And God rejoiced to give. Alas ! that bliss
Of short duration proved ! One dread command,
With threat of death enforced, presumptuous man,
(To grasp at once intelligence supreme)
By one sad act of bold rebellion, dared
To disobey ! Alas ! too late he found

HE IS RISEN.

'The consequence of sin, the loss of Heaven,
God's favour forfeited, and all his race
Involved in ruin . . . prone to multiply
That fatal first transgression, which brought down
The sentence pass'd on ev'ry child of man :
Sentence irrevocable ! " Dust thou art,
And unto dust thou shalt again return."

But did that gracious God forsake his work ?
No : . . . In His temper'd anger mercy rose
(O glorious attribute !) divinely bright,
And on the eye of faith Salvation beam'd,
Illumed by Hope's bright star, which after shone
Conspicuous as the radiant orb of Heaven,
To guide the Gentiles to their new-born King.
But justice, irreversible and firm,
The penal forfeit claim'd, for man had sinned,
And sin must be atoned. What could atone ?
That justice what appease ? Immaculate
Must be th' accepted offering, sought in vain
In this degenerate and polluted world :
Now man had perish'd, had not God Himself
The remedy supplied. O wondrous proof

HE IS RISEN.

Of God's unwearied love ! Instance divine,
That God, all-merciful, remembers man,
Tho' man, ungrateful man ! forget his God.

Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates !
Shout, O ye Heavens ! a Mediator comes !
Tremble, ye sons of earth, it is your GOD !
The ETERNAL SON, in expiation full,
His glorious kingdom quitting, gives Himself !
GREAT INTERCESSOR ! Sacrifice divine !
To whom our most aspiring thoughts untaught,
Howe'er presumptuous, had not dared to soar ;
But inspiration's voice through every land
Had breathed a gladdening sound ; all hearts beat high,
And every eager eye was turn'd to hail
The promised Saviour. Lo ! that Saviour comes,
And by th' ungrateful world, Himself had saved,
Is hail'd with insult, rage, contempt, and death.

Long ere the time of His mysterious birth,
Isaiah's hallow'd lips prophetic sang
The Heaven-entitled Son ; and David's harp
Was tuned to song divine : from earliest time

HE IS RISEN.

Tradition had pre-figured, prophets old,
In strict accordance, attestation bare
To truth immutable; for they foretold
What evangelic records since declare
To be in our MESSIAH all fulfill'd.

The voice is heard to cry; the wilderness
Re-echoes to the sound, "Prepare the way,
Make straight the crooked paths, the rough make plain,
Th' expected Saviour comes! Behold your GOD!"

The time was come; and now, on wings of love,
The herald angels leave their native skies
To bring the joyful tidings. Hark! they raise
Their voices jubilant, and "Peace on earth,
Good-will to men," the heavenly chorists sing:
The promised Child is born: th' anointed Son
Is given, and Bethlehem's Babe is Glory's King!

HE came indeed—whom wondering kings desired,
And prophets long'd to see. To save His own
The Heavenly Teacher came; perversely blind,
His own, indignant, shut their mental eye;

HE IS RISEN.

'They scorn'd the humble form that Mercy wore,
Nor saw the bright divinity within.
How is thy promised fruit untimely cast,
Thou cherish'd vine of Israel! blighted now,
And withering on thy stem, thy outstretch'd boughs
An awful warning hold to all the world
Of God's awaken'd wrath, his vengeance dire ;
O may th' ingrafted olive joyful yield
Her ampler treasures to His gathering hand.

Rapt into future time, on Seraph's wing
Upheld, Isaiah soars ; his strains divine
With mournful inspiration tell the woes
Messiah must endure ; accomplish'd all
When on the Cross the fainting Jesus said
“ 'Tis finish'd,” . . . bowed His sacred head . . . and died.

But soon that Sun, so dimly set in clouds,
Rose more resplendent than the orient morn,
O'er Death and Sin triumphant! Not thy bolts
Of adamantine strength, O Grave! nor gates
With iron spells fast bound, could captive hold
The Lord of Life victorious, in whose train

HE IS RISEN.

Captivity itself is led enchain'd.
Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates!
On golden hinges turn, ye heavenly doors!
Your joyful harps attune angelic choir,
With the full song of victory hail your King:
'The work of love is perfect, . . . death disarm'd,
The world absolved, and Paradise restored.
This hallow'd day confirm'd the joyful truth:
This is the Christian's triumph o'er the tomb:
This be a jubilee of saints on earth,
Till the lost sheep of Israel's wandering flock
Shall hear their Shepherd's voice, and join the fold.
O may this sacred day in every breast
Awake the grateful flame of holy joy;
And let the assembled crowds, in one glad voice,
Accordant join in universal praise:
For in those words of comfort, "He is risen,"
We build our stedfast faith, we rest our hope,
As on a rock of adamant secure.

Look on your heavenly breastplate, ye who wear
'The sacred badge conspicuous: 'Tis a shield
From God's own armory, if worn aright

HE IS RISEN.

Will guard your youthful hearts from every shaft
Of noon-tide wickedness, or midnight guile.
Hail, happy progeny! did you but know
How happy! you would bless the pilot hand
That moor'd your little bark in safety's port,
From adverse winds secure.—O! when at length,
With sails full set, and buoyant on the wave
Of hope's enchanting tide, ye launch again
On life's uncertain ocean; then, O then,
Be Faith your compass, Truth your guiding helm,
And, “He is risen,” the anchor of your souls!
So shall ye safely ride out every storm,
And gain the harbour of eternal rest.

Rise now, my soul, and plume thy ready wings
To duty's call obedient; share the feast
Which Heaven provides, where man alone partakes;
While wondering Angels silently admire
Redemption's godlike scheme! cementing fast
The sacred bonds of charity and love.
Now lift the eye of faith, and on his throne,
At God's right hand pre-eminent, behold
The same exalted Christ! at whose great Name

HE IS RISEN.

Shall every knee in Heaven and Earth incline.
Kind Advocate! there still He pleads the cause
Of frail humanity, with that good God,
Who mercy keeps for thousands, humbly craved.
Yet shall He come again! Yes, in the clouds
Of Heaven, majestic, and in the full blaze
Of all His Father's glory shall descend,
The just, the righteous Judge of quick and dead.
Lift up your heads once more ye heavenly gates!
Once more unfold, ye everlasting doors,
And every gloomy cell in death's dark realm
Shall answering burst its barrier, and give up
It's captived dust embodied! Ocean too,
From his o'erwhelming waters shall restore
Th' untimely swept away—The sea, the sea
Inexorable, shall give up it's dead
To God, more merciful—That hope remains,
That only hope, for those who mourn as I
Their lost, their loved ones—They shall rise again
To being incorruptible; for this
Eternal truth has promised. Every eye
Through ages closed, or slumbering for an hour,
Shall wake to judgment, and behold it's God.


HE IS RISEN.

But who, thus waked, shall undismay'd endure
HIS penetrating eye, whose piercing glance
Can search the deep profound of human thought;
The hidden purpose reach; the secret spring
Of falsehood or hypocrisy explore?
Who, unappall'd, shall hear that dreadful sound
At which e'en Heaven shall tremble? Who shall feel
The bursting earth give way, and stand unmov'd?
'Tis they who feel the Omnipresent God
Check each unhallow'd thought: 'Tis they who hear
The still small voice of conscience, speaking oft
In chambers of the heart, when pleasure's syren voice
Or sin's soft blandishments that heart allure;
'Tis they who see the ever-watchful eye
In strict observance fix'd on all their ways;
'Tis they who live the life of Christian fear;
'Tis they who die the death of Christian hope;
These, these shall fearless rise; their glorious names
In life's eternal register shall shine
Bright as the stars of Heaven; their radiant brows
Shall wear entwined the amaranthine wreath,
That blooms, unfading as it's native skies,
To grace the victor's crown; their beauteous forms,

HE IS RISEN.

Enrobed in spotless white, on Angels' wings
Upborne, shall wait the joyful summons, "Come,"
Come ye redeem'd, your heavenly birth-right claim,
Sons of eternity and heirs of bliss !

But, O! in vain my feeble muse aspires
To sing the joys of Heaven: too rashly urged
Is her presumptuous flight; too high the theme;
Too daring the attempt—and now she feels,
Like fabled Icarus, her flagging wings.
O may my spirit join the chosen band
Of God's adopted children—purer songs
Of joyful triumph and immortal praise,
From grateful love shall then unceasing flow.



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